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The credibility Gulf

Though the states of the Persian Gulf face the twin threats of revolution and invasion few precautions are being taken and life continues—with some nervous twitches Page 26

Province of promise

Propelled by a palmy new prosperity Saskatchewan is soaring into the '80s but—unlike its boom-time sister Alberta—sharing the wealth not just making it, is the ideal Page 18





COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN WILD

COVER STORY

Teen sex

Social scientists may still be debating whether there ever really was a sexual revolution but recent studies show that more than one in two teenagers between the ages of 15 and 19 are having intercourse While many parents would rather not confront the reality of teen-age sexuality in 1980 educators and counsellors insist that not doing so can only intensify the circle of guilt fear secrecy and pregnancy Page 39

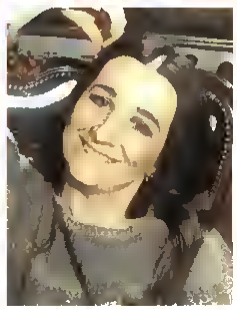


Just wait 'till this year

Montreal's baseball Expos were just two games away from their division pennant last year, and they're back with a team that manager Dick Williams thinks is even better Page 34

Designs on the future

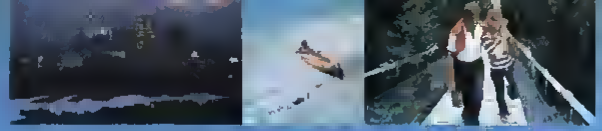
Fine artist or designer? In the case of Heather Cooper's awesome talent does it matter? There's no quibbling though, over her domination of Canadian commercial design Page 8



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Editorial

Which god will bless our mortgaged homes?



By Peter C. Newman

Somebody once remarked that in operating the delicate levers of political command in Ottawa the best approach would be "to govern a large country the same way you fry a small fish—slightly." It's a cozy idea, but circumstances seem to be ganging up against this slightly utopian notion that less government interference will solve all our problems.

For one thing, so few of the really important issues that will determine our future retain much of the traditional left or right ideological content. How, for instance, do you categorize on any philosophical spectrum the hydra-headed problems of evolving a fair policy on energy pricing, how to take the poison out of French-English relations or how to wrestle inflation to the ground? The only thing our existing political parties of the left and right share in common is that none of them has found any workable answers. All that Trudeau, Clark or Broadbent seem able to accomplish these days is to proclaim agendas for increasingly hysterical national debates.

Probably the most important political development in a decade has been the populist opposition to increasing mortgage rates. Comparable—in spirit if not in magnitude—to the public frustration that culminated in the passage, on June 6, 1978, of California's Proposition 13, the current wave of mortgage protests has significant political roots. What its sponsors and adherents are saying is not only that mortgage rates are too high but that they are concerned about the direction of our whole economic system, the level of federal expenditures, the relationship between Ottawa's priorities and the eroding value of their money.

The welfare state, which in many of its most imaginative aspects was a Canadian invention, is becoming a victim of its own successes. The idea was to create economic safety nets—floors below which underprivileged citizens wouldn't be allowed to fall without receiving various forms of government subsidies. With this basic matrix of financial assistance well and truly in place, Ottawa's main preoccupation should now be to eliminate inefficiencies, making certain that social benefits are fairly and evenly distributed. This is particularly essential because of inflation's capricious redistributional effects, which tend to hurt those least able to afford it.

The new idea emerging from the current debate is that instead of concerning themselves only with economic floors, the politicians must also begin to think about ceilings. An increasing number of thoughtful citizens are demanding limits on government-sponsored contributions and programs. This will become the great debate of the 1980s.

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Those familiar signs of repression

By Peter Niesewand

Even by the sometimes bizarre standards of the subcontinent, police actions in India in recent days have been gross. The events of March 16 were condemned by one Indian national newspaper as "brutal" and "savage," although "beyond belief" is as accurate a description as any. Two hundred blind people shuffled up New Delhi's Parliament Street toward the residence of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, where they had planned to hand in a petition asking for better educational facilities and more jobs. When police stopped them, the marchers squatted down in the road, and within a minute some 100 policemen waded into the group, with their *lathis*—long, thick canes—crashing down on heads and bodies. Police snatched away the glasses and white sticks of the blind and hurled them onto the street. Fifty of the marchers were injured, four seriously.



Policeman and blind marcher: beyond belief

Less than a week later, in the city of Gwalior, police were at it again, although this time their victims were lawyers working in the high court. The police took exception to an advocate wanting to talk to his client in the court cells and an argument broke out. Before long the *lathis* were at work cracking the skulls of lawyers, and some policemen even ran into the court of the judicial magistrate and beat up lawyers there. More than a dozen were taken to hospital.

Around Delhi, people are blaming Gandhi for this violence. After all, this is the sort of thing that used to happen during her 19-month emergency, isn't it? And now that her Congress (I)—for Indira—Party has been voted back to power with an overwhelming majority by a nation yearning for another dose of authoritarian rule, it is no doubt just a small taste of what is to come, they say. They may be right.

But first it must be said that there is no evidence that Gandhi approved the latest police action in any way. In fact, she ordered a judicial inquiry into the attack on the blind marchers within hours of the incident, and at a party meeting last week she called for an investigation into the training of policemen. However, no one seriously holds out much hope that the behavior of the Indian police will improve through better training methods. Corruption and violence are too deeply ingrained for that. Even when the Janata government took power from Gandhi in 1977, determined to restore civil rights and punish those guilty of excesses, policemen continued to torture suspects as a matter of routine. Women who complained to the police that they had been robbed, assaulted, or harassed ran the risk of being raped by the very men to whom they turned for help. In fact, the rise in cases of rape and harassment of women by police throughout India has become so serious that this month Gandhi's government issued instructions that, except in unavoidable cases, no women should be arrested between sunset and sunrise.

But none of this is enough. Unfortunately the police are too accustomed to doing politicians' dirty work to be much moved now by moral exhortations from governments. As Gandhi has been a star in the political firmament for longer than most of them have been in uniform, she must accept her fair share of the blame for this shabby state of affairs.

Gandhi, talking to me at a dinner party about the excesses of her emergency, fell back on that white-bearded old political excuse: "I didn't know." It is fair to accept that a prime minister or a president does run the risk of being cocooned by sycophants and fed predigested, precensored information, but not on every occasion, and not when the foreign press is carrying almost daily reports to the contrary. And certainly not now, in the early days of her latest administration.

For example, she surely knows about the action against the *Indian Express* newspaper—one of the few that, since her election victory, has not shifted from a critical posture to one of supine devotion. Soon after her election, the lieutenant-governor of Delhi, Jag Mohan, began arranging to have the *Express*' new building demolished, alleging that it had been sanctioned by the previous administration in total disregard of zonal regulations. The paper immediately denied the allegations, and now the matter may go to court. As a Western diplomat remarked: "If you're going to start pulling down every building in Delhi that doesn't conform to every last regulation, there'll be nothing left."

But, of course, no one is going to do that. The targets are carefully selected, perhaps not by Gandhi herself, but by her cohorts—or those of her controversial son, Sanjay, 33, now an MP and the most influential man in India. Rulers set a tone for their administration, and down the line, down to that line of policemen armed with *lathis*, the vibrations spread. Gandhi came to power promising tough government, authoritarian rule. Those around her are now interpreting this, converting the promise into action. If Gandhi doesn't like what's starting to happen around her, now is the time for her to intervene decisively. Events have a way of picking up speed, and in six months it could be too late.

Peter Niesewand is *Maclean's* correspondent in New Delhi.

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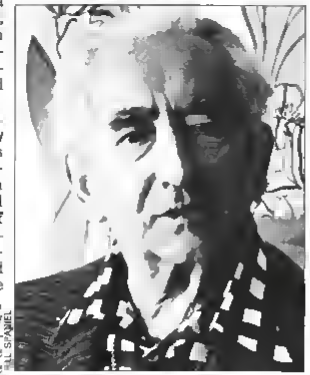
Letter from a not-so-absent friend

By Abraham L. Feinberg

Love at first sight. That's how my 24-year romance with Canada began—and I still wear a maple leaf on my lapel. It was only my wife's death in 1971 that moved me back to the United States for a new start in the country of my birth ...

I remember vividly a cold night in February, 1967, when Toronto's Massey Hall was filled with people gathered to welcome me home from Hanoi, North Vietnam. I had gone there on a mission of peace and protest against my own government's war. Vietnam! I believe the economic and social problems besetting both Canada and the U.S. today stem from that debacle. Yet Canada had only a rubber-stamp role in it, Washington decided. Isn't the lesson clear, Canadians, that automatic junior-partner acceptance of U.S. direction endangers both your dignity and well-being as a sovereign nation?

Three decades ago the late B.K. Sandwell, then editor of *Saturday Night*, pointed out that every populous portion of Canada is nearer to a populous area in the U.S. on the south than to its fraternal neighbor east and west. "The resultant influence of American habits and thought is immense," he said. But must you Canadians obey the dictates of geography and consent to being a carbon copy of the U.S.? Your quality as human beings, your self-respect, is not enhanced by consuming the colored pop, the fast-food pap, the radio and television tripe and the "popular" literature that are wolfed down in such massive doses by "Big Brother." Remember Shakespeare's "to thine own self be true ..." Our world is being crushed into uniformity by the assembly line, global brainwashing through instant communication. Only national and individual persistence in maintaining a "different" style of thinking and feeling can redeem mankind from creeping, ultimately fatal mediocrity—and you, Canadians, from reducing yourselves to zero.



'Must you Canadians consent to being a carbon copy of the U.S.?'

In my travels through Canada, I encountered a great host of fiercely independent people. They were not so obsessed with dreams of the big money deal, as many Americans are, that they forgot to think about a philosophy for dealing with the world around and within themselves. Of course, your wheat, oil, gas, lumber and uranium strengthen your clout in the marketplace. But please don't give away your singular way of life as a bonus. A uniqueness of lifestyle is important too. What you have in the ground may conflict with what you are in spirit. With the aid of uranium, Canada's industry has provided and is providing nuclear arms capability to hitherto nonnuclear, power-hungry nations, thus increasing the danger of global destruction in nuclear war. My years in Canada convinced me that the vast majority of you are not compulsively dedicated to "getting rich no matter how." You are not greedy people. The Merchant of Death role is not your cup of tea. To be true to yourself, why not ask your member of Parliament about this?

"Canadians are dull," urbane Americans will sometimes sneer. Yes, moderate, modest, soft-treading people may be open to such a charge. But are cities such as Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver dull for being governed without blatant corruption, dull because law-abiding citizens can feel safe walking the streets? Are the shrewd, self-taught farmers in Quebec and Manitoba dull for not being "in" on the latest American sex movie? You are the people whose federal government inserted into the Criminal Code the provision that what consenting adults do in private is not the government's business. Compare that with official homosexual harassment in "liberated" America.

Canadians, ditch your inferiority complex! Think of what you have achieved. Your hardy, unpampered character flung cities, towns, villages, farms, mines and pipelines across a wilderness of tundra, stream and forest, the second-largest land mass on earth. When you numbered only 4.5 million, you built a railroad from sea to sea. Cape Breton fisherman, Quebec farmer, Ontario corporate executive, Prairie wheat king, Okanagan fruit-grower, Hudson Bay bush pilot, British Columbia lumberjack, Yellowknife fur trapper, Alberta oil rigger, Indian, Inuit, nurse, physician, research scientist, missionary, lawmaker, Mountie, you all work to release a continent from the clutch of the primitive and keeping it intact despite the clash of regional interests. Canadians, you have an incredible job to do—and you're *doing* it.

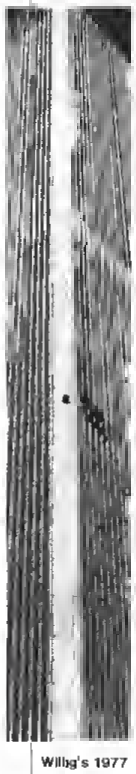
Canada's birth profoundly affected her psyche. Unlike the U.S., a product of revolutionary violence, Canada originated in a reasoned agreement between two ethnic and cultural entities. The British North America Act symbolized a revolution of another kind: the ability and readiness of two once hostile powers to live and let live. That sort of history does not inflame. Fourth of July rhetoric or boastful arrogance. Canadian history textbooks have little to excite kids with dreams of martial glory. Patriotism is understated. But, threatened with the nightmare of a push-button holocaust, our world so much needs the word and deed of negotiation.

I fervently hope that as a united people you will continue to remind humanity that the way of compromise and conciliation can also be the way of courage. Thereby, perhaps, and on the highest plane, you Canadians will be true to your own selves and at the same time put a bit of sanity into the 20th century. Author Bruce Hutchison once wrote, "We are young and full of doubt, and we have hesitated too long to timid men." He wrote that about you, his countrymen, and he wrote it many years ago. I hope it will soon cease to be true.

Abraham L. Feinberg is Rabbi Emeritus of Holy Blossom Temple, Toronto. He now lives in Reno, Nevada, and, at 80, is at work on his third book, tentatively called *Sex and the Pulpit*.

Follow-up

Human fly ascending new career



Willig's 1977 climb caught world's fancy

It was a moment that caught the fancy of the world. George Willig, 30, sauntered up to New York's World Trade Center at 6 a.m. on May 26, 1977, carrying mountain-climbing equipment, and proceeded to head for the top, 110 storeys up. Before he finished, four hours later, a huge crowd had gathered and television networks broke into their programming to show Willig, a tiny speck on the huge concrete face. By nightfall his picture had been flashed around the world.

Willig, who steadfastly claims he made the climb for adventure, not fame, tried to return to his job as a toy designer in Queens. But offers for lectures and guest appearances, as well as accolades, kept rolling in, so Willig cheerfully abandoned himself to celebrity. He modelled men's hats for *Esquire* magazine, climbed cliffs for television shows and shilled products from yogurt to ChapStick. He now lives in Hollywood, where he is studying acting with more than a touch of humility. "Acting is a profession with a lot of room at the bottom," he admits. "You gotta give it some years."

Since the ascent, Willig has received offers to climb everything from the Sears Tower in Chicago and the New Orleans Superdome to a shopping centre in Japan, but he has refused the feats and fees. "I'm certainly not making a career of climbing buildings," says Willig, adding with a faint note of longing, "Of course, if he ever gets boring ..." In that case, it's pretty obvious what George Willig would do.

Rita Christopher



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Profile: Heather Cooper

Designs on the future of design

By Barbara Amiel

From the exterior, the house on Toronto's Summerhill Avenue is a model of middle-class conformity solid, three-storey brick with porch, snow shovel in place Inside, the ambience changes from Babbitt to Baudelaire Carved serpents twist around the dark wood furniture Brass bands reach out from the wall, their polished fingers holding candlesticks In the library, Bressai's photographs of fleshy Parisian prostitutes balance over the leather chesterfield This is the home of Heather Cooper, 35, unarguably the most successful illustrator in Canada. The split personality of the house reflects perfectly the duality of its owner In Cooper's being, *les fleurs du mal* and commonsense maxims meet She ought, as one friend observed, to wear drip-dry black velvet.

Sharing the house and its ambivalent ethos is business partner Robert Burns, 37, Cooper's lover of 10 years and the father of their nine-year-old daughter, Sarah For 10 years the Burns and Cooper team has pursued with perfectly calibrated intensity the twin goals of commercial success and artistic achievement In the process their company, Burns, Cooper, Hynes Ltd , communications and graphic design consultants, has garnered something like 250 awards for its arresting posters, brochures and business strategies for clients ranging from Abitibi Paper Co Ltd. to the US Olympic sculling team—with yearly billings of close to $1 million This May, Cooper, whose illustrations have earned her such prestige awards as the New York Art Directors Gold Medal and prizes from England to Czechoslovakia, will see her name featured across the United States when the American conglomerate AGI (Album Graphics Inrorporated) brings out the new Heather Cooper Designer Line of stationery and paper products. "She could be a commercial artist or a fine artist," says Marci Lipman, owner of Toronto and Calgary graphics galleries "It just depends on how she's merchandized." Or she could be both Which depends on whether or not the Cooper and Burns team, who have achieved so much else, have actually found a way to resolve the classic conflict between applied art and pure art

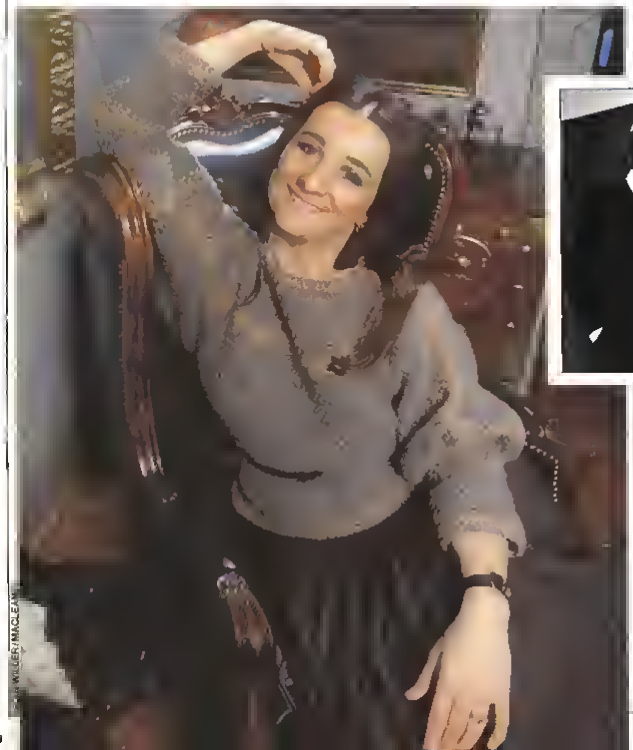
The conflict raises hackles everywhere. From the point of view of the fine-art community, Cooper's oil paintings, which become the publicity posters for such institutions as the National Ballet or the Canadian Opera Company, aren't art at all "They're just selling a product," sniffed one prominent Toronto art gallery owner Another, Mira Godard, declined a Cooper exhibition on similar grounds Others view the question differently "She's an enormously talented artist working in a tradition that goes back to Aubrey Beardsley, Edward Lear and Toulouse-Lautrec," says art critic David Silcox "Everyone from the Group of Seven to Jack Bush has an element of commerce in their background"

The commerce in the background of Cooper is, of course, more than an element Since she was 18 she has been working as a commercial artist on the strength of sheer talent alone Her training consisted of a few art courses at Toronto's Western Technical school, her design apprenticeship began as a junior at the graphic design firm of Hathaway Templeton Outside the office she was painting to please herself Among the subjects that pleased her were the men in her life and, along the way, one boy-friend moved himself and his portrait by Cooper into the apartment of Robert Burns "Who's the artist and what other work does she do?" asked Burns as he helped unpack the painting With that question the business and social partnership of Cooper and Burns was born

English-boro Buros emigrated to Canada in 1965 after taking painting and sculpture at Goldsmiths College, University of London Though Burns claims that when he left England he was "a grubby-guitar-player-beatnik-layabout," he had already exhibited a degree of stubborness that would fuse very nicely with the single-mindedness of Cooper After joining the British air force at 15, Burns became a conscientious objector and was jailed for refusing to work on nuclear weapons He began a campaign to quit the forces early, and after a year his bloody-mindedness paid off By the time Burns met Cooper he had free-lance experience in England and a stint as an art director at Baton Broadcasting behind him He had also discovered his limitations. His first free-lance assignment out of the army was to redecorate the interior of the Peruvian Consulate in Liverpool "They wanted it white and I subcontracted the painting job By the time I arrived the painters had painted *everything* white—the doorknobs, the fireplace, even the wallpaper The Consulate paid me to get off the job and I realized that I was not destined to be a David Hicks"

Not a decorator à la Hicks, perhaps, with testy little moments over a client's vision of the perfect white-on-white coal seuttle, but possibly an achiever more in the footsteps of Walter Gropius or British designer Milner Gray Whatever Burns lacked in the area of artistic execution, he compensated for with that rarest of combinations—an extraordinarily inventive design vision and a tough pragmatic business sense. When Burns got together with Cooper he began assembling the firm that today, with the addition of partner Jim Hynes, a communications expert, is refining the multi-disciplinary concept in design consultants

It was the modern movement that gave industrial design its creed and blessed the union of pure and applied art Architect Louis Sullivan's dictum that "form follows function" was the anima behind the revolutionary approach taken in 1907 by the German electric company AEG when company president Walter Rathenau hired architect Peter Behrens to study the company and redesign not only its factories and offices but all its products right down to electric lamps and kettles It



PAUL WILLEN/MACLEAN'S



PAUL GRENIER

Burns, Cooper and Hynes: drip-dry black velvet with an element of commerce

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Packaging for Roots (above) and Cooper's 'Enigms': the white-on-white cosi scuttis

was the first known case of industry hiring a designer to come up with a "corporate identity"—a distinctive style that the public would recognize and associate with one firm. German graphic artists and architects were soon setting the pace in industrial design—including the famed Walter Gropius who left the office of Peter Behrens to reorganize the Weimar School of Art into the influential Bauhaus. But one by one they began to leave for America. In the U.S. they found a growing market for their artistic approaches to packaging, product design and corporate identity. Out of this came the wave of designs of the '30s, including Raymond Loewy's futuristic "Fast Commuter" trains and the corporate identity programs of International Harvester Co. and IBM. The next development in the 1950s and '60s was inevitable. Design consultants expanded from packaging and product design into business communications and marketing: they began telling companies how to *talk* to their employees, customers and investors. Design was no longer just an art form—it was a significant business tool as well.

It was into this specialized field that Robert Burns saw a place for himself and Heather Cooper. He was right. When it came to discovering the corporate personality and giving it a face, or designing a new look for products from toiletries to tools, Burns, Cooper, Hynes Ltd. ware among the best in the business. In 1973 Burns's dandelion puffs floated lazily into a blue never-never land on New Freedom maxi-pads and became the theme packaging for an entire line of Kimberly-Clark Ltd. products. The small wooden matches of the Eddy Match Co., which seemed doomed to obsolescence in the face of the convenient thin paper packages, discovered a vigorous new personality and look—part macho, part North American Indian—through Burns's and Cooper's plastic surgery. Such business phenomenon as the success of Roots shoes have been attributed by most observers as much to Robert Burns's brilliant 1973 design scheme for the entire retail program as to the shoes themselves.

Their clients were now major North American corporations. Owens-Corning Fiberglas, Imperial Oil, Canada's department of external affairs. "If they were here in New York," says Lou Dorfsman, senior vice-president of CBS Broadcast Group, "they'd take this city by storm. As it is the professional community knows them very well."

The profile became higher. Burns could afford to indulge his artistic eclecticism in shows that brought no fees but gave him publicity. The Man Versus Module exhibit at York University in 1970 utilized 144 cartons which were sent out to all the Canadian celebrities Burns was curious about with a request that they decorate the box according to their own interests. Cartons came back from nearly all the recipients, including John F. Bassett, Marshall McLuhan, designer Marilyn Brooks. Even those who were indifferent to the idea became part of Burns's scheme of things. The empty, undecorated boxes of Celia Franca, George Chuvalo and Gordon Sinclair stood forlornly in the exhibition with their names attached.

But the highest profile of all remained that of Heather Cooper. Her posters took on a life of their own as art objects quite apart from the product they were advertising. A perverse sensuality informed a number of them. The erect nipples and pushed-up buttocks of the bound woman in Cooper's self-promotion poster *Enigma* were exposed against a background of sharp thorns. The rampant lion in the *Couples* poster (a promotion for a tour operator) mounted the lioness with panting enthusiasm contrasting vividly with the lioness' serene confidence—anchored, it seems, to the one large human breast she sports. (A breast, incidentally, which caused so much fuss that the tour operator was frightened enough to have it airbrushed away—thus inflating the value of the poster-with-mammary to $400 at a recent auction.)

Cooper only fuelled it. A self-portrait showed her pre-Raphaelite face with its strange grey-blue eyes that slant downward at the outside corners imprisoned in a snail's shell. At the 1979 Burns and Cooper Christmas party, Cooper hovered like a Aztec high priestess, her face hidden behind a wicker mask framed with magnificent plumage, the eyes outlined in gold. Though her life obviously centres on hard work and her relationship with Burns, she describes herself as "predatory" with men. It is not a boast, only the confident assessment of a woman with power. Her desk is filled with designs for the Dylex merchandising conglomerate, and erotic line drawings sketched for her bedroom walls. Her sanity is clearly attached to dishwashers, household help and office routine but her inner vision is in the grip of her favorite myth—the story of the legendary knight Tannhäuser lost to sensual excess. She is a curious mixture of the sacred and the profane: an artist driven by a merciless work ethic and a woman fascinated by the sensual possibilities of her being.

The mixture explodes in her paintings whether or not the content is explicitly erotic. In her work is the tension of the search for a world just beyond human experience, a world of mysterious forests, danger and fantasy. It is a world that many sought to buy, offering Cooper as much as $10,000 for her original oil paintings. But the paintings are not for sale. Even her posters have become scarce. Says Leonard Dutton of Toronto's *Posterity Graphics*: "Her posters are usually out of print. The Canadian Opera poster was out of print the same season it came out."

Meanwhile she works—and works. "She's only just beginning," says Burns. "I'd like to take some time off from assignments and just paint for myself," says Cooper. It sounds practical—getting away from Dylex and back to the integrity of the pure artistic vision, but something rings false. She has been talking about getting away to paint for the past 10 years. And for the past 10 years she has done nothing but paint—often only for herself. It may be that the line between the pure artist and the commercial artist may occasionally be too blurred to be meaningful. "After all," says Lorraine Monk, director of still photography for the National Film Board, "King Tut was commercial in the sense that all the objects in his tomb were made for a *purpose*."

Whether or not Cooper will mature into a "real" fine artist is still uncertain. But if she fails, the blame will be on the fickle affections of the muses, not the corrupting embrace of Dylex. Meanwhile Cooper is working on the greeting cards that will carry her name across North America. The design will feature those mythical animals that she paints with such controlled fury. The original artwork is not for sale.



Opera poster originals are not for sale



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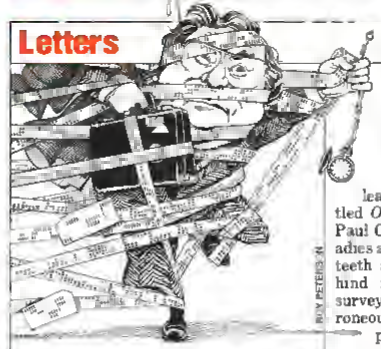
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Letters


ROY PETERS/ M

To err is human, to err divine

Just a note regarding Allan Fotheringham's recent column *The Exciting Adventures of Allan in Wonderland* (Mar. 10). While I share his sentiments, I would like to take the issue one step farther. Although computers are indeed created to benefit the corporations at man's expense, it is a comfort to recognize that as long as these machines continue to backfire and malfunction periodically, we, as humans, remain secure. The real danger presents itself when they no longer make these errors—then we will be truly threatened.

BRIAN BANKS, SCARBOROUGH, ONT.

Gassing up

I read with great interest your article about hydrogen by Bob Scott (*Hydrogen Minus the Sci-Fi*, Mar. 3). I found it interesting and informative. Why can't the Canadian government understand the importance of this non-polluting energy?

RON LEMONT, CARGILL, ONT.

In peril upon the sea

Despite the excellence of Roy MacGregor's cover article *Cruising, Lure of the Love Boats* (Feb. 18), I was outraged by the lead sentence of the box insert entitled *On Board the Floating Palace* by Paul Grescoe. "The most common maladies among a cruise ship's crew are bad teeth and VD." With 50 years now behind me as a marine engineer and surveyor, this statement is not only erroneous but a gross insult to seafaring people in general.

ALEX B. BUCHAN, PICTOU, N.S.

Boucher (left) bemedalled: a surprise


TED GRANT, GAME PLAN

Skating to attention

Congratulations. What a pleasant surprise to find Gaetan Boucher on your cover (*The Troubled Olympics*, March 3). It has long bothered me that with the number of excellent athletes that Canada has, so very little attention is paid them. The usual is to promote foreign athletes over our own. I think the reason Canadians know so little about their own athletes is the fault of the media.

REV. WENZEL HANIK, ONOWAY, ALTA.

The Olympics themselves are not troubled times, rather, they are an opportunity for individuals to gain national as well as personal success. It is politics in action and the hellish world of today with all its problems that is troubled.

CHARLES G. BRECKON, MOOSE JAW, SASK.

Oil's well that ends well

To my mind the Progressive Conservatives were defeated because what they said was totally unacceptable to both the Opposition and the people as a whole. And, truth or no truth, that is an inescapable factor which no democratic government anywhere can afford to ignore. Actually, Trudeau was just as truthful as Clark in that he said it was impossible to tell us exactly what the price of oil would be because no definite agreement had yet been reached with the producing province, Alberta, but his party definitely would not impose so sudden and heavy a tax as was included in the Tory budget. Trudeau is often accused of being arrogant but I submit it was an unconscious, undiscerned, yet politically fateful arrogance which finally did the Tories in.

A. F. DAVIES, VICTORIA, B.C.

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Letters

A wider war

I was not aware that the Second World War was fought only to defend Great Britain (*The 'Tribe' Stacks the Deck*, Feb 11). As I recall the propaganda of the time, it was a war to defend democracy and, among other high-minded ideals, to free France—among other nations—from the Nazi hordes.

M. WATT, OTTAWA

The spruce goof

It should come as no surprise, I suppose, that *Maclean's* couldn't be bothered to report correctly the name of the community at which Joe Clark's election night wake was held (*The Second Coming*, Feb 25). It was Spruce Grove, Alberta, not Spruce Hill.

D. MILLER, SHERWOOD PARK, ALTA.

First and foremost

We were delighted that you commented in your *People* section (March 3) on Josef Skvorecky's outstanding achievement in being awarded this year's Neustadt International Prize for Literature. Your comment did not convey, we feel, what an extraordinary honor this is. Perhaps you are not aware that the prize is in effect considered a mini-Nobel, awarded for "distinguished and continuous artistic achievement," and that Skvorecky is the first Canadian to receive it.

LOUISE DENNYS, LESTER & ORPEN DENNYS LTD., TORONTO

The Devil's work?

I fail to see how a cult involving witchcraft (whether black or white) qualified to be entered under your *Religion* section (*That Old White Magic*, Feb. 18). I am afraid that because of your article, which favorably portrays witchcraft, that many young people may seek further the rites of this cult. Perhaps this article may appeal to those interested in sorcery and the occult, but who is the real prince of the occult? How can you worship these things and not worship the Devil himself?

GORDON HARRIS, DEASE LAKE, B.C.

Let the good times roll

I've been wondering for quite some time now how to dispose of Barbara Amiel's column appropriately. Now, after her latest moans about toilet paper (*The Pyramids, Live and in Color From Egypt (Or Maybe the CBC)*, Feb. 11), I know just what to do.

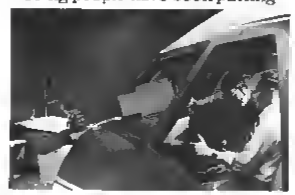
JIM BLACK, ST. JOHN'S, NFLD.

HOW TO BUILD A BOEING.



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But before any new model is built, there is a full-scale dress rehearsal. That's what these pictures show. Besides extensive wind tunnel tests, a detailed mockup of the aircraft is constructed.

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THE BOEING FAMILY
Getting people together

Dateline: Manila

The oldest way to stimulate an economy

Robert S. McNamara, president of the World Bank, is supposed to know. And he says it is good for poor countries, helps boost them up the development ladder, spins off some square meals for their hungry. So what's this Filipino student upset about? He's sitting in D'Legs Cocktail Lounge in Manila, the Philippines, drinking a beer and jabbing a finger at some teen-age "hostesses" dozing in the corner. "It," he sneers, is turning his people into a nation of "whores, pimps and shoeshine boys." McNamara and the angry Filipino are both partly right. The "it," tourism, is certainly stimulating economies in Third World countries, but it's also making some lie on their backs to earn a buck.

In Asia, the nations most involved in sex tourism—and the controversy surrounding it—are Thailand and the Philippines. No longer the exclusive domain of visiting seamen and GIs, these zones for the pursuit of short-time pleasures are, in fact, threatening to overtake more esthetic attractions as the main lures for foreign travellers. Thailand's sleazy infrastructure was established when there were 45,000 lonely U.S. troops in the country and another 500,000 in nearby Vietnam.

Now other clients have taken their place. Planeloads of Europeans flock to the night spots and to the thousands of women—Thais, Vietnamese, Cambodian and Laotian. In both Thailand and Manila, West Germans are ubiquitous, but there is every other breed of Westerner too, as well as Asians. The largest national group, the Japanese, often come on company-organized tours.

Outside a huge U.S. airforce base at Angeles, Philippines, ("See Angeles, Four Hundred Bars, Ten Thousand Whores," reads a poster in a small Manila travel agency), industry planners are increasing operations, setting up pleasant motels, like Randy Ram's Inn, and busing tourists in from Manila.

Between 1975 and 1978, Thailand's gross tourism receipts doubled to about $400 million and, while the Philippines, though nudging the magic one-million visitor mark, lags behind, this is big money for two countries in the $500-per capita GNP range. It's impossible to say how many tourists come specifically for sex, but each year they must number in the hundreds of thousands. Their direct payments to Asian ladies—$15 to $20 on the average—help feed the countless families that would otherwise be poverty-stricken, and send sisters and brothers to school. Besides, argue apologists in the Thai and Philippine governments, as economies prosper, employment opportunities will grow and a more respectable brand of tourists upgrades over-all traffic.

But tell that to the young and angry Filipino. His indignant nationalism is easy to understand. As he broods in D'Legs, a chubby, middle-aged American enters, seats himself and is soon joined by a 17-year-old Filipina. As she puts an arm around the customer's neck, the student stares long and hard at him. What if this was your country, and she your countrywoman, he might be thinking. How would *you* like it?

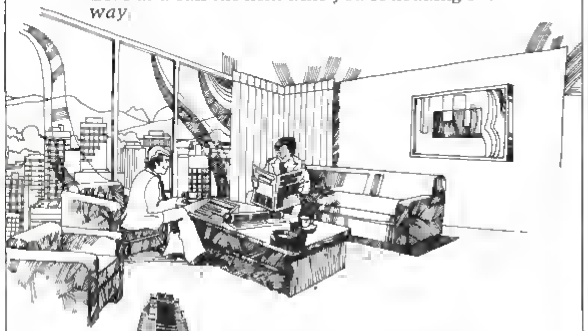
Richard Vokey

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A test fit for Solomon



DAVE REDE



DAVE REDE

Lalonde (left), Leitch: trying to separate the players in the pricing game

By Ian Anderson

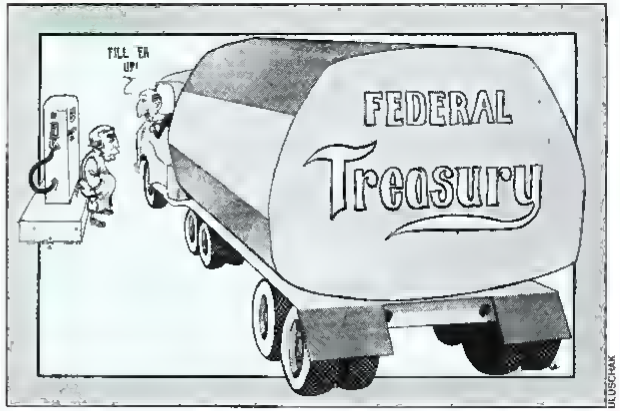
The minister's mind was set even as the nose of his government JetStar tilted down for the descent into Edmonton. Arriving to open negotiations on a new national oil price, Marc Lalonde, a principal architect of Joe Clark's defeat and now minister of energy, was voicing the philosophy that brought him there.

"Regional disparity is very basic to the whole discussion," he was saying. "We all realize that prices have to go up, but in 10 or 15 years, if nothing is done in terms of sharing between Canadians..." And his voice trailed off as he gazed 30,000 feet below him at the melting prairie. "There's tar sands, coal, wheat," he murmured. "Hundreds of years of natural resources coming from this province. It's not like Saudi Arabia where the king can say that after the oil, all they have is desert. That's not the case here."

For the second time in a year, Ottawa and Alberta are trying to negotiate the illogical—a petroleum policy for a province which can stand as a progressive energy strategy for the rest of the country. But this time Lalonde is making it clear that Ottawa will aggressively push for a larger share of the new revenue than Clark's Tories were content with. And this time Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed is making it clear he won't settle for anything less than he got from Clark in an agreement that only needed signing when the government fell.

Lalonde moved quickly last week to try to isolate Lougheed and his energy minister, Merv Leitch, from the other players in the pricing drama. In Saskatchewan he found "a lot of merit" in Premier Allan Blakeney's pet plan for a national energy fund, built by taxing the multinational oil companies. In Calgary, he greased the wheels of the oil industry by expressing an open mind about natural gas exports. And yes, he assured the Independent Petroleum Association of Canada, the proposed Liberal auditing agency will have a "very small staff."

For his part, Lougheed undercut his relations with the producers the day before Lalonde landed in his province. He threatened to delay start-up of two giant oil-sands plants which will produce up to half Alberta's oil by the end of this decade. "Not a threat, a reminder," soothed a Lougheed aide. But the pro-



ILUSCHAK

ducers were less sanguine. "He's using the companies as a pawn in his pricing arrangements," fumed one executive.

Such sniping has just begun. In Edmonton the proceedings have more the aura of a crusade than a commercial negotiation. "We are changing the status quo of Canada," says the soft-spoken provincial treasurer, Lou Hyndman. "For over 100 years, all decision-making was done by small groups in the central part of this country."

The Albertans have stopped short of openly condemning the Liberal plan to have a "blended" national oil price—an as yet hazy idea to keep a lower price for petroleum now discovered and a higher incentive price for "new oil." But in private, talk of this scheme is thick with skepticism.

A nervous jingoism infects both main players. Lalonde's department has concocted a series of statistics designed to spotlight Alberta's greed. In one example, Lalonde says that Alberta's government would have a higher per capita income than Ontario's even if it cut out all taxes except those it gets from petroleum. Hyndman, mindful that Alberta's conventional oil sources will be cut in half by the end of the decade, argues that "we have a short time as a government to invest the valuable assets of the moment."

In making his case for a larger federal share, Lalonde argues that Ottawa is running its petroleum account in the red by some $600 million—with the largest drain being its subsidy to help eastern consumers buy oil on world markets for more than $30 a barrel while Alberta oil sells for $14.75. For its part, Alberta complains of the $19 billion in "opportunity costs" the province has forgone by selling at half the world level.

While Lalonde faces a test fit for Solomon, his predicament is spiced by his party's promise to keep gasoline prices below the level proposed by the Tories—about 41 cents a litre ($1.86 a gallon) by the end of 1983.* While toeing this line, he must also find a way of squeezing more money from Alberta. As a Calgary oilman put it succinctly after a chat with Lalonde last week: "The feds need new cash, and gobs of it, soon." But Ottawa faces Lougheed's intransigence and the grim possibility of having to impose a price structure—and then defend its power to do so in the courts. "If you think we have trouble with the Quebec situation," says a sabre-rattling Hyndman, "that will be like kindergarten compared to what will happen if they go to that sort of extreme. It would risk breaking up the country."

The ultimate message from the Alberta Tories is simple. "Most Albertans," says Lougheed, "instinctively know that if the oil had been owned by Ontario, we would already be paying world prices." ✪

In a CBC TV interview taped for broadcast Sunday, Lalonde spoke of holding gasoline price increases to 16 cents a gallon each year over the next four years. He expects the wellhead price of oil to rise less than $4 a barrel in 1980 and less than $4.50 annually through 1983. Canadians would not pay the additional 18-cents-a-gallon excise tax the Conservatives had announced for 1980, but Lalonde made no promises after that.

Nova Scotia

The money and the Mounties

With the legislature on its spring break, Nova Scotians expected a holiday from politics last week. It turned out to be anything but. Late Monday the provincial supreme court forced the release of sensitive RCMP documents and by Tuesday morning it was clear the province had a political blockbuster on its hands.

The RCMP papers—information drawn up to justify the issue of search warrants—revealed that for the past 18 months the Mounties have been conducting an extensive investigation into alleged political kickbacks involving both the provincial Liberal and Progressive Conservative parties. According to one document, 16 companies paid the Liberals more than $375,000 while they were in power from 1970 to 1978, another 10 firms in the liquor business paid more than $550,000 "based on the volume of their sales to the Nova Scotia liquor commission," a practice known as tollgating. All told, more than 50 donating companies were involved, as were more than a dozen personal and corporate accounts which apparently were often used to channel funds to the parties.



LARSEN CP

Gerald Regan 'morally certain that no impropriety was involved'

Swept up in the affair was former premier and now federal Labor Minister Gerald Regan. It turned out that he had received extra income—ranging from $6,000 to $13,200 a year—from a special trust fund during his nearly 15 years as provincial Liberal leader. But Regan and other Grits were quick to put some distance between the Hawco account (which paid Regan) and other Liberal funds which the RCMP alleges were fattened with kickback money.

There was no indication in the RCMP papers of the source of Hawco's funds. Halifax lawyer Frank Covert, 72, a Hawco trustee since the fund was set up in the mid-1950s, said no one now living knows where the original block of funds came from. He stressed that "not one cent has been contributed to the fund since its inception." The money was put into common stocks and only the income on those investments has been paid out—some to the Liberal leader and some ("if we have any") to another fund which passes the money on to the party during election campaigns. Regan declared himself "morally certain that no impropriety was involved."

No one from either party would talk about the other funds named in the RCMP papers. Liberal President Al Abrahsm said he knew nothing about fund-raising. Tory President John Grant said he didn't know about "the practice in the 1960s" (when the PCs were in power), but "it's not our practice today" to raise money from firms doing business with the government.

RCMP Inspector Kenneth Blue, who heads the three-man investigation, said the Mounties have finished sifting through the 28 boxes of correspondence and financial records they seized in raids throughout the past year. They are now conducting further interviews and trying to follow the flow of funds. He warned that the allegations contained in the search-warrant documents—most of which were obtained last May—may no longer reflect fully the information the Mounties now have. He expects "it'll be some time" before a decision is made on whether or not to lay charges.

Nova Scotia has no laws setting limits on or requiring disclosure of political contributions. In the 1978 provincial election, the Liberals reported spending $1,100,000—a sharp increase from the $579,000 they spent in 1974. The Tories' 1978 war chest was $800,000, up from $523,000 in 1974. **Bruce Little**

Quebec

Ryan's express loses steam

"The question is clear," intoned a confident, recorded voice as the wording of Quebec's referendum question was flashed on a wide screen before a rally of Parti Québécois members in the town of Boucherville. But, to the embarrassed gasps and giggles of the faithful, the slide was out of focus, unreadable and quickly passed over. That faux pas occurred pertway through the National Assembly's three-week debate on the question, a debate which ended Thursday without entirely elucidating the meaning of the vote, which could be held as early as mid-May. What was clear, however, was that the government has caught a heady updraft in Quebec's ever-volatile political atmosphere.

Lévesque pins Yes badge on Drummond (left), Ryan with praise: a heavy updraft in Quebec's political weather



FORTIER CP



NADEAU/CP

Government speakers were plainly better prepared and more eloquent in their condemnation of Confederation than were Claude Ryan's Liberals in defending it. Saturation television coverage of the debate gave the government desperately needed momentum which Premier René Lévesque could choose to exploit by calling an earlier-than-expected vote. This week, the National Assembly divides into provisional Yes and No committees, the 68 Parti Québécois members and former Union Nationale leader, Rodrigue Biron, regrouping under the chairmanship of Lévesque while Ryan takes charge of his 30 Liberals, five Union Nationale members and three independents. Moments after approving the question, assembly members unanimously voted each committee $1.1 million in public funds—half the money they will each be permitted to spend according to restrictive referendum rules, which curtail freedoms of assembly and speech but which greatly enhance the personal control of Lévesque and Ryan.

Legal supremacy might not be enough to maintain Ryan's total control over No forces, his flat performance and sometimes contradictory pronouncements could draw Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau into the fray—at the

The Mirabel connection

Flying high over the Atlantic, his first time ever out of Czechoslovakia, 25-year-old diesel mechanic Jaroslav Charvat was playing a surreptitious guessing game with his seatmate. The two men, on their way to a once-in-a-lifetime holiday in Cuba, tried to pick out which of their fellow passengers might defect when the plane landed for refuelling at Mirabel. Detections could almost be anticipated since October about 740 Czechs* have fled on Flight 628 in what Canadian immigration authorities call the Czech trend. Within hours they can be sitting in the Café Prague on Bishop Street in Montreal welcomed by exuberant but naive Czech expatriates who, *Maclean's* has learned, are giving false hope by encouraging more Czechs to avail themselves of the Mirabel connection.

A few minutes before 5 p.m. last Monday in the Mirabel intransit lounge, Charvat turned to his unsuspecting friend and said: "Well, it looks like the others are getting back on the plane. Not me. I'm staying in Canada." With a wave, he walked off to find an immigration officer and say the few English words he had memorized: "Czechoslovakian. Immigration people. Help me."



AUBURN/CP(TV)

Charvat defecting at Mirabel: nobody knows, but everybody knows Flight 628

Testing his first Canadian beer in the LaSalle Hotel in downtown Montreal only four hours later, Charvat might have felt home free. But about nine months from now, when the Refugee Status Advisory Committee in Ottawa has looked over his case, chances are he will be told he doesn't qualify for political asylum and is no longer welcome in Canada. The reason is that since 1978, Canada has strictly applied the United Nations definition of refugee: any person with a "well-founded fear of persecution" in his home country whether because of "race, religion, nationality, membership in a particular social group or political opinion" has the right to claim refugee status. But being a frustrated capitalist in a Communist country—as many of these Czechs are—isn't enough, says immigration public relations officer Eva Ludvig. As a result of 756 requests from all nationalities for refugee status in the first nine months of 1979, only 256 or 33 per cent were accepted.

In Montreal, the Czech refugees are helped by such people as Rev. Jaroslav Dolejs, who for the past year has been establishing a Czech church. He interprets for the defectors, gets them jobs and clothes and, as in the case of Charvat, takes them to the Café Prague to meet other expatriates. They talk of the good life here, of high inflation and government regulations at home, about how it's not a good place to marry, that it is difficult to raise a family. Yet that kind of talk won't be enough to convince Canadian officials that they are persecuted people.

Charvat paid 14,400 korun ($3,312 Canadian) for his two-week holiday to Cuba, his life's savings—money he had started to put aside when he was 19 so that he could one day afford to marry. With a grin, he says: "I didn't get married. I escaped."

Sometime next fall, when the advisory committee rules on his case, Charvat may find himself wishing he had chosen the entrapment of marriage over the beguiling smiles of Mirabel's immigration officers. For like others in the past year, he may find himself back at Mirabel, awaiting a plane for Prague. **Anne Beirne**

*On Oct. 28, 11 Cubans on the Prague-Havana flight also threw themselves at Canada's mercy, and one immigration staffer at Mirabel estimates that their number has reached 20 by now.

risk of turning his discreet differences with Ryan into open rifts. After having insisted for weeks that the sole issue of the referendum is the PQ's sovereignty-association scheme for an independent Quebec tied to the rest of Canada by an economic association, Ryan closed his case against the question last week by saying Quebec, by voting no, could say yes to his "project for the future." Setting out his proposals for a radically revised federation before the referendum may prove to have been a strategic error for Ryan. government attacks on his constitutional blueprint, and the mixed reviews it received in English Canada, are drawing attention away from the ambiguities of the PQ's own plan, which promises the pride of national sovereignty with the security of Canada's currency and economic protection.

The Liberals' error was in sticking to the subject of debate—the actual meaning of the question—while government orators treated viewers to a heart-rending history of Quebec, from Economic Development Minister Bernard Landry's complaint that wartime gave Ontario's motor industry while Quebeckers were stuck with the "dangerous" job of making munitions, to government House leader Claude Charron's curious explanation that Confederation "squeezed us between the Maritimes and Ontario." Such oversimplifications make powerful sense to many Quebeckers, whose notions of Canadian history are often sketchy. official transcripts of last week's National Assembly debates refer to Canada's first prime minister as "Johnny MacDonald."

In the end, the debate resulted in only a minor amendment to the lengthy question, one which strengthens the government's promise to consult Quebeckers in a second referendum before changing Quebec's political status. As it stands, the question is limited to asking for a mandate to negotiate sovereignty-association without giving the government the authority to declare independence unilaterally. should negotiations fail. Confusion over the question's meaning comes not so much from its wording as from government explanations. Thursday, Lévesque said sovereignty-association represents "this devouring ambition, this supreme ambition to have our people take up all the normal chances and normal levers of a nation" and then, in the same breath, that "this does not imply rupture with Canada."

Last week also saw Lévesque's government make its first serious overture to Quebec's non-French minorities. First there was the public conversion of a former Liberal cabinet minister and English-speaking member for Westmount, never a hotbed of separatism, Kevin Drummond, a boyish 49-year-old scion of an old, rich Montreal family, quit provincial politics in 1976 after his enthusiastic support of Liberal legislation to make French Quebec's only official language cut him off from his political base. Flanked by a beaming Lévesque and a gaggle of ministers, Drummond formally renounced his Westmount heritage. "I guess at a certain point I just left the neighborhood." Drummond's defection is unlikely to draw many anglophones in its wake, but it could reassure French-speaking voters that the referendum issue is not one of cultural dominance. But just what the real issues are will, unfortunately for voters, have to await the referendum results. Though the question may be clear enough, the meaning the politicians will give it once the ballots are counted is difficult to predict from their oratory.

David Thomas

Taking suicide out of the closet

He was a big, cheerful likable boy who was always "joking around," not the kind of child anyone would expect to commit suicide. Yet one morning last October minutes after his mother left for work, 12-year-old Jeffrey Moore took a neighbor's stepladder and hanged himself with an 18-foot extension cord from a poplar tree in the backyard of his apartment building in Thorold, Ontario, about 80 miles southwest of Toronto.



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

Syer: there were loud warning signals, although the boy had caring parents

The town was shocked, and when local coroner Dr. David Lorenzen took the unusual step of calling an inquest into the death, people were outraged. An inquest into a suicide, especially a child's, many argued, was a grotesque invasion of family privacy. Despite a flood of threatening calls, Lorenzen remained adamant, determined to bring suicide, now the number two killer of young people after automobile accidents (see *Maclean's* July 30, 1979), out of the closet in some small way.

Lorenzen ultimately handed the hearing over to another coroner and joined the stream of 22 witnesses, most of them family and friends who clearly regarded Jeffrey's decision to end his life as some sort of aberration. Most said the boy had no problems, at least none that he ever discussed. He seemed untroubled that his parents both worked, his father as a laborer out of town during the week, and had a seemingly strong network of neighbors, friends and relatives he spent time with and could call on in an emergency.

But the puzzle had several foreboding pieces. Jeffrey was vulnerable—a boy, his father Eugene said, who was "easily hurt and easily led." A tall boy for his age, he already had several girl friends and was repeating Grade 7—something one of his friends told the court he never mentioned.

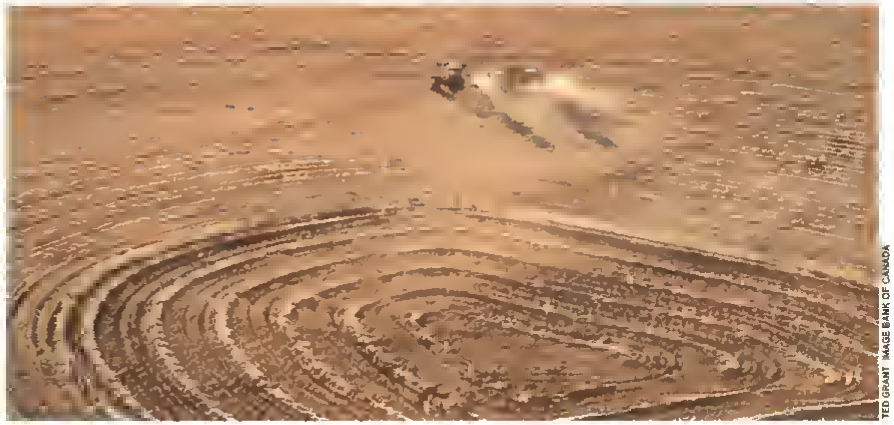
Shortly before he died, he was in a playground fight with a bigger youth over access to the boy's sister and was later tricked by another into trading an album for three "marijuana" cigarettes made with tea leaves. "The whole street knew," Jeffrey's mother said. "He cried quite heavily about that." Yet her son refused the trickster's offer to return the album and, when hit by other boys, was said to seldom swing back.

Finally, he began to lose his appetite and started chaining the family's apartment door as if afraid of something. Such changes in behavior along with Jeffrey's persistently happy front, testified Toronto psychologist and suicide expert Dr. Diane Syer, were loud warning signals, even though the boy "obviously came from a home where the parents cared for him." Pressures on the young are increasing, said Syer, chairman of a federal task force on suicide which began meeting this month, and young suicides are getting younger. Children don't show depression in the same way as adults, she said, and more open discussion of death would not only help a suicide victim's survivors but also a child who might be considering it.

"You'll often find with suicidal people that they don't want to die as much as they don't want to go on living. The long-term ramifications simply aren't understood."

Cheryl Hawkes

Saskatchewan shares the wealth



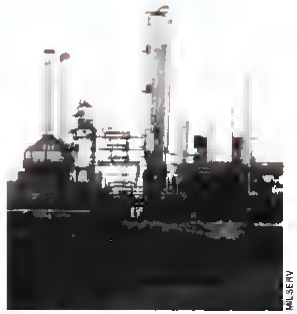
TED GRANT/IMAGE BANK OF CANADA

By Suzanne Zwarun

In 1882, a little band of Ontario temperance families fled westward to shuck the evil influences of John Barleycorn. They settled on the banks of the South Saskatchewan River where their temperance colony grew, eventually, into the city of Saskatoon. Former mayor Sid Buckwold enjoys embroidering the story of his city's beginnings. The temperance colony's leader was a tough old bird, as Buckwold tells it. "Rev. Smith liked to say he'd turn in his grave if anyone ever took a drink of alcohol on this land." Buckwold ponders that a moment, then drawls, with a twinkle in his eyes, "Yes, indeed Pinwheel Smith, we call him now."

Pinwheel Smith has lots to spin about as Saskatchewan soars into the 1980s, propelled by a balmy new prosperity. Like Alberta, it is celebrating its 75th anniversary as a province this year. Like Alberta, its hard-luck, hard-done-by days are over. Unlike Alberta, whose oil-age affluence was heralded by a cacophony of town criers, Saskatchewan has padded from poverty to plenty as silently as little cat feet in a fog. It's the newest boom province, trumpeted in the business press as the "Kuwait of Canada." But outside Saskatchewan, where most people still see the province as a vast hinterland, hardly anyone has yet marked the metamorphosis.

Saskatchewan farmers are still gouging their plows through the land, growing grain for the world. But where once agriculture was all, now it's but a bustling base for an economy that has diversified, plunged into potash, heavy oil and uranium. In all, the province is probably on a more solid footing than Saskatchewan has ever known, but people there aren't of a mind to rejoice prematurely. Saskatchewan's brash, good-time, boom-time sister, Alberta, can strut and posture on the national stage. Saskatchewan rides its winning streak with the quiet composure of a budding understudy. NDP Premier Allan Blakeney, as practical a man as he is plain, indulges in no wistful flights of fancy about reassembling the power structure of Canada, about shifting Power Central to Regina. With the self-reliance born of isolation, Blakeney is calmly steering his province into affluent independence, ousting the foreign capitalists who would take their profits and run, spending the new wealth on improved government services and benefits.



MILSERVI

Harvesting wheat (top), oil refinery outside Regina, potash mining outside Saskatoon trumpeted as the Kuwait of Canada

The most obvious result is an elaborate web of people programs, "the finest set of social programs in Canada," as Blakeney terms them. That sits well with the province's residents. Blakeney's is Canada's last socialist government for the moment, but the roots of socialism go deep in Saskatchewan, all the way back to Clifford Sifton's "stalwart peasants



IMAGE BANK OF CANADA

in sheepskin coats," who had to cooperate simply to survive As it was in adversity, so it is in plenty

In "Little Sweden," medicare is really free—no premiums at all vs $480 for an Ontario family Children have dental care provided, most drugs cost a nominal flat fee of $2 80 and hospitals forgo the deterrent fees designed to remind the patient that sickness costs someone money Canada's elderly may prefer to bask in balmy Victoria, but it is Saskatchewan that rebates their school taxes, that is supporting a network of special-care homes for them, providing transportation programs, home-care and repair schemes

The boom that fuels this caring society has created a hustle and bustle that is changing the face of the province Pinwheel Smith would be heartened to know that liquor advertising is still forbidden in the province, but he would grow apoplectic at the new discos, posh bars and trendy restaurants springing up in Saskatoon and Regina to wine and dine the hotels full of head honchos and hustlers who have come to case the action Lorne Glauser, vice-principal of Saskatoon's Mount Royal Collegiate, admits he hardly recognized his city when he returned there after a three-year stay in Europe "Our daughter was certain McDonald's was the only restaurant in Saskatoon when we left That wasn't quite true, but neither were there all the places, good places, that we found when we got back."

Saskatoon bears the brunt of the action Dependent on an agricultural economy since its temperance colony days, the city started to evolve from a farm service centre in the early '70s First there was potash—half a dozen mines within an 80-mile radius of the city, the province's largest concentration of the lucrative mineral used as fertilizer Then there was oil—776 wells drilled last year alone among the heavy-oil pools that lap at the Saskatchewan-Alberta border west of Saskatoon Next comes uranium development, to the north, and that should be the biggest boost of all By the mid-1980s, Saskatchewan could be producing 20 to 22 million pounds of uranium annually, a billion-dollar bonanza that would more than quintuple the annual earnings of General Motors, Canada's largest industrial corporation

When the wheatland express was the only train tooting through, Saskatoon was about the last stop on the line Now it's the hub and launching pad for the developments around it, headquarters for transportation, research and office staffs The boom has blasted through the city's gracious, tree-lined streets and quiet downtown Population leaped 11,000 in three years, to 144,000 Jackhammers chatter everywhere, ripping up streets to make way for new construction projects Almost overnight, the city's 4th Avenue turned into a concrete canyon, four medium-rise towers—(with about 500,000 square feet of office space)—went up in six months Land prices, particularly downtown, have been rising dramatically

"Saskatoon began having difficulty keeping up with the boom as long ago as 1977," says Helen Hughes, a veteran alderwoman and the wife of a Saskatoon judge. "We've had to launch a full-scale effort to meet needs" The city, for instance, prodded the province into rushing in stern legislation to deter the developments that threatened to destroy the lovely South Saskatchewan River valley, now graced only by the Mendel Art Gallery and the Bessborough Hotel Industrial land, banked years ago by the city, was snapped up The old-fashioned, small-town habit of shuttering stores on a weekday fell last year to a plebiscite demanding big-city hours

But already there are concerns about the rapid growth Says NDP MLA Peter Prebble, "The city, as a human place for people, is being threatened." Prebble has a list of warts on the skin of progress Historic buildings, such as the Capital Theatre, have been rudely levelled The number of welfare cases rose 15 per cent last summer as transient, unskilled workers poured in from poorer places "The city is growing too rapidly," he concludes "There has been inadequate time for proper planning It's becoming harder to maintain our sense of community."

Even outside the cities the pressure of the boom is felt Farmers, like 61-year-old Clarence Taylor, who works 960 acres south of Regina, complain. "In 1971, land south of Regina went for $100 an acre Now it's $700 or $3,000 Real estate is more profitable than farming The only way to get rich is to sell out"

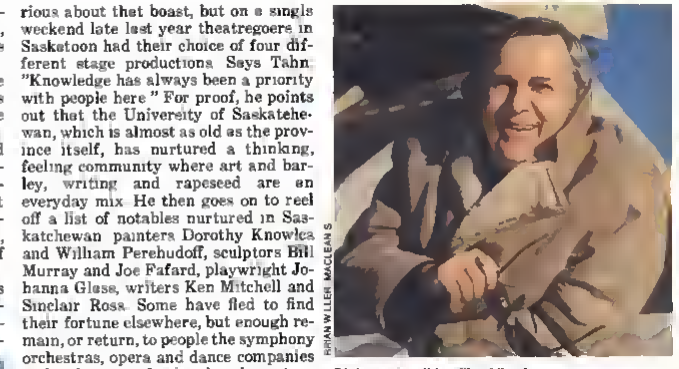
Despite the new activity, the popular conception of Saskatchewan, when Canadians pause to ponder the province, remains that of a vast vista of bald prairie They see grain elevators punctuating the wheat fields vanishing into the horizon, the whole spare, bare bit tied together by binder twine and railroad That, in part, is true Saskatchewan has one half the prairies' agricultural land and produces 40 per cent of the country's crops Its population only recently exceeded the 1936 population, it still has a mere 957,000 people Only in the '70s did the urban population outnumber rural people There are fewer than a dozen cities in the province; 135 towns are too tiny to support even a liquor store and residents purchase their imbibables from the local grocer or druggist The weather, winter and summer, is as harsh as the land Newspaper advertisements this winter warned motorists to carry survival gear—food, candles, warm clothing, blankets, ropes and a shovel

But the Canadian Gothic picture summoned up by Saskatchewan's empty isolation in the heart of the North American continent is deceptive Ibsen conjured up ghosts, goblins and gonorrhea from the unforgiving landscape of his homeland Sweden, Saskatchewan also turned to the arts, but nurtured them with the cheerful briskness of a churchwomen's auxiliary, making culture as common a part of everyday life as curling

"The arts scene in Toronto isn't as lively," says Andras Tahn, artistic director of Saskatoon's 25th Street Theatre Tahn concedes he's not entirely serious about that boast, but on a single weekend late last year theatregoers in Saskatoon had their choice of four different stage productions Says Tahn "Knowledge has always been a priority with people here" For proof, he points out that the University of Saskatchewan, which is almost as old as the province itself, has nurtured a thinking, feeling community where art and barley, writing and rapeseed are an everyday mix He then goes on to reel off a list of notables nurtured in Saskatchewan painters Dorothy Knowles and William Perehudoff, sculptors Bill Murray and Joe Fafard, playwright Johanna Glass, writers Ken Mitchell and Sinclair Ross Some have fled to find their fortune elsewhere, but enough remain, or return, to people the symphony orchestras, opera and dance companies and a dozen professional and amateur theatre groups

The intellectual ferment, as Saskatchewan sees it, goes back to the first grain pools and farmer co-operatives The early co-ops swelled into a movement that issued, in 1933, the Regina Manifesto, which condemned the whole capitalist system and advocated a far-reaching program of social democracy Born in the depth of the Depression, the Commonwealth Co-operative Federation went on to become the first elected socialist government in North America. And if the CCF never did manage to eradicate capitalism totally, as it had hoped, the busy brains that founded it had the time and energy left over, after the harvest was in, to go on to other things Their isolation provided few distractions and the arts flourished in what Saskatoon actress Sharon Bakker calls a kind of vacuum "We pretty well do our own thing," she says, "uninfluenced by the outside"

Saskatchewan is, however, taking its art to the outside The 25th Street Theatre's *Paper Wheat*, based on the co-operative movement, returned last fall from a triumphant eight-month national tour "There was a basic universality that allowed people to enjoy the



HIRAM WILLER MACLEAN'S

Blakeney: nothing like Alberta



IAN CALDWELL

Saskatoon, self-reliance, isolation



SASKATOON STAR—PHOENIX



IAN CALDWELL

Saskatchewan imbibing 1903 (left), modern disco eatery: Pinwheel Smith



IAN CALDWELL

Regina's native poor: gloomy future

Cooling the racial pressure cooker

In downtown Regina the new and glittering 20-storey office tower of the Saskatchewan Government Insurance stands as a symbol of the province's new prosperity But in its shadow there are still huddled the run down neighborhoods of littered lawns and broken windows—the homes of the native poor Unemployment among the province's 120 000 native people runs at an estimated 40 per cent a fact made all the worse when compared to the province's over-all booming employment record Only a year ago a study conducted by federal government consultant Ken Svenson predicted a gloomy future of racial strife Said Svenson "If racial turmoil does occur in Canada it is likely to begin in Saskatchewan and spread to other areas

Taking head of that report, the Saskatchewan government is about to give the native urban poor—centred mostly in Regina Saskatoon Prince Albert and North Battleford—a share in the caring society In a budget brought down early this month the government of Allan Blakeney announced a $31 million program to help native people out of the poverty cycle Included are plans to change school curriculums to gear them more closely to the needs and history of native students a push for more native students and teacher aids and the provision of 1 000 houses for native people in four urban centres to ease the chronic shortage Deputy Minister of Urban Affairs Don Moroz who headed the government's study of the problems of native people also hopes that the public sector will be able to set an example in the hiring of natives Says Moroz of the government initiatives "There is reason not to be overly pessimistic It is possible to avoid the situation becoming worse It can be rescued

This long-awaited program will likely be a boost to the quiet but sure improvement in racial tensions in the past few years Just three years ago Regina was second only to Edmonton in the rate of crime in Canada The downtown was plagued by fights in bars between natives and nonnatives Recalls Police Chief Al Huget "There were rumors around of natives stashing firearms for action against the police and talk of racism in the police force" But now complaints by native people of police mistreatment have declined from 20 in 1978 to four last year Although there has been only a marginal decrease in the over-all crime rate—3 3 per cent in 1979—murder figures the majority of which involved native people plunged from 10 in 1977 to three in 1979

So far spokesmen for native groups have been either quietly optimistic or openly suspicious of government promises Bruce Flamont southwest area director of the Association of Metis and Non-Status Indians said the signs of improvement may be illusory Native people have remained quiet while awaiting promised changes he says but a great deal depends on how quickly the government moves Warns Flamont "Those on the outside can't count on this type of attitude for much longer"

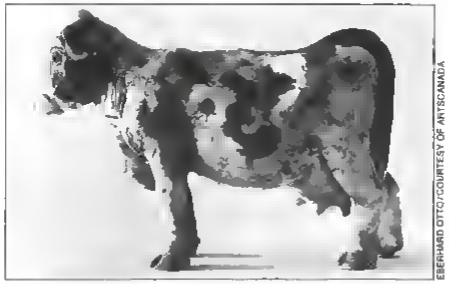
Dale Eisler

show and the content," says Bakker "It was also polished enough to please the people who wanted an outright theatrical experience. *Paper Wheat* may have been relevant to the region but it didn't mean that it wasn't relevant elsewhere. Selling out in Toronto proved that."

The new facet of the Saskatchewan profile is the prosperity of the late 1970s, fuelled by rising world prices for potash, uranium and crude oil. With 35 to 45 per rent of the world's known potash reserves, the province produced seven million short tons in 1978, giving the government's Potash Corporation of Saskatchewan an after-tax profit of



PAT CLOSE


EBERHARD OTTO/COURTESY OF ARTSCANADA

Sharos Bakkar (second from left) in 'Paper Wheat,' Joe Fafard cow· brisk

$46 million, and contributing another $49 million to the province's coffers Uranium sales rose dramatically to $262 million, from $74 9 million in 1977 Even crude oil production, declining for a decade because of supply depletions, held its own in the buoyant economy thanks to rising prices and new heavy-oil development. Together non-renewable resources produced $520 million in government revenue, compared to 1971's paltry $33 million Add in a healthy agricultural economy and the consequent growth in other sectors and Saskatchewan runs nip and tuck with Alberta for the honor of having Canada's lowest unemployment rete And it too has a Heritage Fund, whose assets are estimated to be $760 million

The province, however, has been on similar rides before and no one, including Premier Blakeney, is taking the prosperity for granted yet. "The province's economic history can be summed up in two words. boom and bust," says Blakeney, born 54 years ago in Bridgewater, Nova Scotia, a province more accustomed to busts than booms. Like many a Maritimer before him, Blakeney went westward in search of his fortune after a Rhodes scholarship took him to Oxford He came to rest in Regina in 1950 as legal adviser to the provincial Crown corporations and established there a reputation for intellect that has remained with him, giving him, as premier, an influence on the national scene that outweighs his province's importance. Blakeney's mission—and he currently has until 1983 to see it through—is to level out the traditional cycle

Operating on the good socialist theory, widely held in Saskatchewan, that private enterprise cannot be trusted to operate in the best interests of the nation, Blakeney turned his attention to the potesh industry soon after his election in 1971 The government first tried to wrest a greater share of corporate profits by increasing taxation When that ploy produced problems, the NDP passed legislation enabling it to buy a large chunk of the action and, after some bitter wrangling, negotiated the purchase of 40 per cent of the industry plus, recently, a new taxation system Learning from experience, the NDP daalt itself into the uranium industry more smoothly The government has claimed for itself as much as a half interest in any uranium find, brought in tough, environmental safety rules, and has imposed, on its private partners, conditions about hiring native people and buying locally

With the "Crowns," as the government dubs its corporations, Blakeney has created head offices where there were none before, giving Regina better than the branch-plant status to which it was relegated by the large private corporations that took their profits elsewhere. But with uranium, the government may be in for a slippery time of it Sitting in his pleasantly grand legislative office in Regina, Blakeney readily concedes that a predicted world oversupply of uranium (especially in the current anti-nuclear development mood) may force prices down

Still, there will always be agriculture When Alberta's glamorous duo of oil and gas is sucked dry, Saskatchewan will be still great because it will be growing food for the world and, with a 2,000-year supply of potash, fertilizing the rest of the world's breadbaskets. When all else is said about the boom, that's the point everyone in Saskatchewan returns to The people who endured half a century nf rust and dust, who've ridden the roller coaster of grain prices, have developed a fine eye for the fickleness of fortune. As Buckwold warns, "I'm a little cautious about the boom. I've seen so many come and go"

Buckwold grew up in Admiral, a hamlet in the province's southwest corner, near the Cypress Hills, the sort of place writer Ralph Allen described as "much idealized by those who have nevar lived there and much moved away from by those whn have " But some people did stay in Admiral and Unity, Eyebrow and Elbow, Leadar and Plenty, Success and Stalwart, Climax and Outlook They endured, they were tenacious and, having survived the searing, they're not about to embrace flash and trash "We tend not to get carried away with ourselves," says Buckwold

And that might well be the key to Saskatchewan's stete of being Albsrtans are bedazzled by their boom, giddy about life in the fast lane Thsy gush about being the tax haven of Canada, having the lowest provincial tex rata, less tobacco tax, no gas, fuel oil, sales, land trensfer, meals, beverage, entertainment, succession or gift taxas. Saskatchewanites, rooted in the earth as they are, see the trappings of wealth as surface not substance Too much that's unnecessary coming too soon to be absorbed The spectre of Alberta haunte them "We're not going to be anything like Alberta," says Saskatoon Mayor Cliff Wright firmly "After five or six years' growth, we'll be left with a more stable economy but our basic way of life won't have changed We'll go on as we always have" MLA Prebble hopes so "We worry about coming to value the dollar too greatly when there are far more important values here in Saskatchewan The great challenge we're facing now is to retain our values, our quality of life, to put them ahead of economic gain"


AP


UPI

U.S.A.

The chorus becomes a duet

By Ian Urquhart

There may be 28 primaries to come but, after last week's vote in Illinois, the race is all but over The victors—President Jimmy Carter in the Democratic contest and Ronald Reagan for the Republicans—have won so frequently and so convincingly that all but their most ardent opponents agree they will be their parties' nominees after this summer's conventions Carter already has locked up 37 per cent of the delegates needed to win the Democratic convention and Reagan has some 20 per rent of the necessary Republican delegates Their opponents are rapidly running out of time and money Some say they are still in the race but, as *The New York Times* noted, "They sound a little like a young baseball fan who figures out that the Mets, though 13½ games out of first in August, can still win the pennant." In other words, winning depends more on miracles than maths

Many candidates, in fact, had decided not to wait for miracles even before the crucial Illinois vote Among the Republicans, the list included former Texas governor John Connally and Senators Howard Baker and Bob Dole Carter's predecessor in the White House, Gerald Ford, chose the weekend before the primary to scotch speculation that he would enter the race After Illinois, Congressman Phil Crane told his supporters to back Reagan That left only Congressman John Anderson, whose views seem more suited to the Democratic party, and former CIA director George Bush, the man with the mile-wide, inch-deep resumé, still in the race Anderson could win Wisconsin, a liberal-minded state, next week, and Bush was expected to do well this week in Connecticut, where he grew up But Reagan appeared safe everywhere else

Among the Democrats, California Governor Jerry Brown, who did not bother to campaign in Illinois, is back in the race in Wisconsin But he will likely draw more votes there from Senator Ted Kennedy than from Carter, and Kennedy, who maintains that he will compete right up to the convention, seems destined to wage only a token campaign

If Kennedy had decided to make a serious run at Carter, Illinois was the place to start It was the first big state to hold a primary and the first outside Carter's south or Kennedy's New England, a true test of strength. Kennedy had planned to knock Carter right out of the race there, drawing on Chicago's large black and working-class Catholic populations. Instead, he lost Tha issues—inflation and Carter's fumbling foreign policy—were going his way, but Kennedy was dragged down again by his untrustworthy image He was also hurt by the endorsement of Mayor Jane Byrne, a plum he picked last fall which turned into a prune by voting day as she feuded with the city's powerful press and unions. (Byrne herself suffered a painful jolt with the election of a potential rival, State Senator Richard M Daley, son of the legendary mayor, as Cook County state's attorney)

Anderson with wife, Kaka (top isft), loser Kennady (right) and winner Reagan with party official miracles



Kennedy also lost potential liberal support to John Anderson In Illinois, Democrats and Republicans may vote in each other's primaries, an arrangement that baffles most observers from outside the state but seems perfectly normal to its inhabitants Many Democrats, turned off by Carter and Kennedy, did switch, but not enough to stop Reagan

Anderson, a stern veteran of 20 congressional years who is known in Washington as "St John the Righteous," has become the darling of the liberal establishments in Beverly Hills and Manhattan and of the college campuses His appeal lies in his forthrightness and his refusal to

bend to pressure groups on issues such as gun control and abortion Over-all, he sits close to Carter in the centre of American politics But unlike Carter's, his face is fresh and there is pressure for him to run as an independent if he fails to get the Republican nomination

No independent challenge has succeeded this century, however The mechanics of the system work against it If, for example, Anderson were to wait until after the Republican convention in July to declare his candidacy, he would find the filing deadlines for the November election had already passed in 17 of the 50 states and he himself says the idea is "impossible."

Thus, it appears, voters will be forced to choose between Carter and Reagan, the contest Carter aides have been hoping for all along For the record, Reagan is against the equal rights amendment (ERA) that would enshrine women's rights in the constitution, for a constitutional ban on abortion, against gun control, for repeal of the federal minimum wage law and against a tax on the "windfall" oil profits He would re-establish relations with Taiwan, scrap SALT II and spend massively on arms to



Byrne votes: the plum turned into a prune

ensure "the Russians don't dare lift a finger against us."

That, say Carter's aides, adds up to another Barry Goldwater (the right-wing Republican who was trounced by Lyndon Johnson in 1964) And the signs are that they are right A *New York Times*/CBS poll last week showed Carter leading Reagan by 53 per cent to 34 per cent. But some Democrats point out that Carter is not nearly as popular today as Johnson was in 1964, that he will go into the November election with inflation running in double digits (the rate was just 1·3 per cent in 1964) and that American prestige is at a historic low Also, the U S is in a conservative mood, as opposed to 1964, when the civil-rights movement was in full bloom

Finally, Reagan has a popular, if impractical, prescription for the country's economic woes: cut taxes

Carter's failures are legion But he seems to be benefiting from a relatively recent trend among Americans to excuse him because the country's problems are so clearly insoluble Says Meg Greenfield, editorial page editor of *The Washington Post*: "Oddly, it's as if great numbers of people had finally recognized the ritual over-promises of candidates for what they are."

But that is not to say that Americans will trudge enthusiastically to the polls in November. Many are already profoundly depressed at the prospect of a Reagan-Carter race, and newspaper pundits are questioning the worth of a system that can produce such a choice. Said *The New York Times*' Anthony Lewis. "It focuses not on the ability to govern but on the ability to survive."

Ironically, it was the press that helped push the party reforms of the late 1960s and early '70s that took the power out of the hands of the party bosses who, for all their faults, at least followed politics and could judge whether a man would make a good president as well as a good campaigner Concluded Lewis "The object was noble, to do away with the suspicious circumstances of the smoke-filled room The result has been less glorious."



Sunrise Hospital and Brandeness: the staff bet on when the victims would die

The Angel of Death

In Las Vegas they'll gamble on practically anything But even that city was in a state of shock last week as police investigated reports that a nurse playing the Angel of Death may have killed as many as six patients at Sunrise Hospital by turning off their life-support systems—and that other hospital workers placed bets on when the patients would die

While some of the suspected gamblers from the "graveyard shift" (11 p m to 7 a m.), when the Angel is said to have reaped her grim harvest, were under suspension pending police reports, the authorities were keeping the details tightly under wraps. But it seems a nurse told police she had overheard her colleagues discussing two deaths She said that in one case, early in March, the life-support machinery had to be switched off and on several times before the patient died. The nurse also said she had overheard the name of the next possible victim—who later died As a result, local health officials are examining all death certificates for 1979 and 1980 from Sunrise and other hospitals in the area

Families of deceased patients have deluged hospital switchboards with questions concerning their loved ones' deaths. And some of the answers may come this week when evidence will be presented to a grand jury But it may take much longer before it is known if indictments are forthcoming Meanwhile hospital Executive Director David Brandsness professed himself "about as sick as anything I can think of."

In fact, however, his shame may be proved premature While there is evidence that staff members did bet on the deaths, some hospital workers believe the nurse involved was more of an Angel of Mercy—a compassionate woman trying to put patients out of their misery.

As gruesome as it sounds, cases of euthenasia are probably far more widespread in the medical profession than is generally assumed Following murder charges against a Baltimore, Maryland, nurse last year for turning off life-support machinery, another nurse (writing anonymously in *New York* magazine) reported numerous cases She wrote. "Recently I read a newspaper article about a nurse in Baltimore, the headline was NURSE ON TRIAL FOR MURDER CALLED COMPASSIONATE, it threw me into a panic . . . my reaction was 'Oh God, somebody got caught.'"

Catherine Fox

Carter trips over the draft

Telephone calls to the Selective Service System last week were answered by a recording ' The president has announced that he will call for the registration of men and women who were born in 1960 and 1961 it says Registration will take place later this spring " But that's not quite right A congressional subcommittee has already killed the idea of registering young women for the draft and prospects for male registration steadily grow dimmer as opposition mounts on Capitol Hill and in the country President Jimmy Carter s emotional call to action made shortly after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan is now largely viewed as a symbolic gesture with costly consequences

When the president's men tried to convince a Senate appropriations subcommittee to vote the necessary $13 3 million their reception was at best skeptical and at several points, downright hostile—and the opposition spanned the political spectrum Senator Harrison Schmitt a conservative with a strong defence bias, called the draft registration scheme a smoke-screen to hide inadequate spending on the country s volunteer army Senator William Proxmire the subcommittee s liberal



Washington demonstrators: smokescreen

chairman observed 'Frankly, I am not convinced that registration is essential I can t think of any war in which we ve had prior registration except Vietnam—and we lost that one

Congressmen have been irked, too, that the administration chose to ignore expert advice in announcing the move Shortly before the president s State of the Union Message on January 23 the director of the Selective Service issued a report saying that draft registration before an emergency (premobilization) was redundant and unnecessary Says Senator Mark Hatfield Interestingly the option endorsed by the director of the Selective Service was excluded from the president's official report to Congress Clearly, the administration has chosen to either ignore or bury the truth '

The president does not need congressional consent for registration But he does need approval for any money spent And it seems that the White House was wrong in counting on the hawkish mood in the country following the Iranian and Afghan crises to sweep the registration proposal through Said Rev Barry Lynn head of the Committee Against Registration and the Draft "Our young people resent being used as pawns in what increasingly appears to be a political decision '

If the White House did not get that message immediately it probably did at the weekend In scenes reminiscent of the early 1970s students besieged Capitol Hill and the White House—a cast of thousands headed by such 'stars' as Stokely Carmichael Dave Dellinger Bella Abzug and the original Broadway production team of *Hair* As Frank Horn a University of Wisconsin organizer said before the event "No one trusts the administration anymore The students here feel there will be a full-scale draft not just registration right after the presidential election in November A New York co-ordinator added 'Even if the issue goes away it could re-emerge at any time We want to nip it in the bud right now

Catherine Fox



The credibility Gulf



APESTEGUY GAMMA LIAISON



DELASSUS GAMMA LIAISON



EMP GAMMA LIAISON

Affluence under guard (top left), naval patrol in the Strait of Hormuz (right) and downtown Abu Dhabi: to play or pray?

By Peter Lewis

Every detail in the picture seems improbable. In a land supposedly living in dread of revolution, Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini's picture hangs in the *souks* (bazaars) and the newspapers heap abuse on Jimmy Carter. For a man whose days may well be numbered, the Emir of Abu Dhabi spends an amazing amount of time building skyscrapers and pondering where to plant trees and grass in his parched realm. The local rich, while professing renewed faith in the iron dictates of Islam, hog the bars in the international hotels and pay up to $1,000 for a night with a European air stewardess.

Nobody in the Persian Gulf these days seems to know whether to play or pray as the world closes in. It might seem obvious to an outsider that the Iranian revolution, the Afghanistan invasion and the take-over of the Grand Mosque in Mecca had exposed the Gulf states' mortal danger. But to the rulers of most of them, the threat is less than palpitating. It's almost as if they imagined that the miracle that made them rich also makes them invisible to potential enemies.

Yet ominous signs are not lacking. Soviet and American warships (the latter including the carriers Nimitz and Coral Sea) daily churn the waters of the Gulf and Arabian Sea. The Strait of Hormuz, the strategic bottleneck through which 60 per cent of the West's precious oil moves, is patrolled around the clock by British-officered Omani patrol vessels, while two American AWAC radar planes, operating out of a secret base in Egypt, drone overhead listening for sounds of untoward activity. Last week, 1,800 U.S. Marines arrived off Oman.

The general response, however, has been to call up some reservists, expel a handful of turbaned agitators from among the local Iranian population and, in Abu Dhabi's case, to send its rinky-dink air force up each morning for an hour's furious flying over the desert. Unfortunately the jets look so decrepit that the Abu Dhabians, far from being reassured, tend rather to question the sanity of the pilots who fly them.

Politically, the Gulf states have done little more than woo France's President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing with a steady supply of oil. A leading Arab oil official, Ali Attiga, has called for unity. "If we were a single, strong, feared state there would be no question of foreign intervention." And everyone has given the nod to an invitation from Iraqi President Saddam Hussain to sign an Arab charter which, among other things, forbids housing foreign troops or bases on Arab soil.

But those measures look half-baked when set against the dangers they are meant to counter. Part of the explanation may lie in the fatalism of the Arab rulers, who know that their cardboard kingdoms could be swept away overnight. But the greater part probably lies in their realization that if they want protection they must pay for it with oil—the very commodity that makes them vulnerable in the first place. Says Maneh al-Oteiba, oil minister of the United Arab Emirates: "Calling in one great power to save us from the other would mean handing over our birthright and we will simply not do it. Before we get to Doomsday we've a number of cards to play."

He presumably means drawing closer to Europe and Saudi Arabia as well as turning to Iraq, the strongest military power in the region now that the Iranian army has been weakened by revolutionary currents. But if Iraq would like nothing better than to become the major power broker in the area, some of the Gulf states still view it as too left-wing, in spite of Baghdad's recent swing away from Moscow. And Iraq's army, in any event, would be next to useless against a major foreign intervention.

So the Gulf's hand is really worthless, and one gets the impression that the sheiks, for all their power to hold the Western economy to ransom, are quietly fingering their *sebha* beads while waiting for their fate to be decided elsewhere. In addition, a lot are pulling their money out. Private investment has all but dried up in Qatar as the wealthy rush their capital to London and New York to cash in on record interest rates.

As for the poor, they are getting a better deal although they are still badly off by Western standards. It has long been government practice in the Gulf to pamper the small local population with free housing, medicine and cheap food. Now many of these perks are being extended to foreign workers, who form up to 75 per cent of the total population in such places as the Emirates, Qatar and Bahrein. The obvious aim: to prevent unrest from igniting a desert revolt.

The Gulf's leaders see the greatest challenge to their rule as coming from within rather than from without. The local Palestinians, contrary to popular wisdom in some Western quarters, are mostly middle class and comfortably wedded to the power structure. A far more serious worry are the Iranian communities, who control much of the local trade. Although the Iranians are Shiite Moslems in an area that is predominantly Sunni, they have been emboldened by Khomeini's success at home to preach the virtues of a fundamentalist Islamic housecleaning—a message that is winning a growing audience in the dusty marketplaces of Doha and Abu Dhabi.

But danger also lurks among the humble Baluchi and Pakistani workers who have been imported in their thousands to do the grunt work of the states' lavish modernization programs. Exploited by their local masters, sensing power in their sheer numbers, they might be the first to fall in behind a revolutionary Pied Piper.

However, the Gulf rulers do not believe that matters will ever come to such a pass. Just as they feel mysteriously immune to assault from abroad, so they expect that their money, prudently invested in reforms, will buy them peace at home, particularly since they have the natural divisions between the many immigrant groups in their favor. And in the end who can blame them? After all, they have seen other unlikely visions come to pass.



DELLASSUS GAMMA LIAISON

Bedouin desert patrol: tin-pot pianas

Wales

Keeping the home fires burning

The remote splendor of the North Wales mountains and rugged coast has long been a holiday haven for the urban dwellers of industrial England, and recent years have seen an upsurge in sales of Welsh cottages to English families. But lately all that has changed, and Welsh real estate agents are mourning their brief prosperity. The reason: a carefully orchestrated campaign of arson dedicated to the message scrawled on the walls of one weekend cottage: "English go home."

The fire attacks, which last week reached a total of 28, are the first outbreak of militant Welsh nationalism to surface since 1969, when two bombers killed themselves attempting to blow up the train carrying Prince Charles to his investiture at Caernarvon as Prince of Wales. Responsibility has been claimed by a group called Cadwyr Cymru (keepers of Wales) and police are embarrassed at their failure to come up with any firm leads. Their lack of success is not surprising, however, since the remoteness of the targets and the marked lack of public response to the confidential "hotline" set up to help the special investigating squad, suggests that the culprits not only have extensive local knowledge but command at least the tacit support of many Welsh people.

Even more discouraging, a letter from Cadwyr Cymru delivered recently to the BBC's offices in Bangor, North Wales, claimed that it and other nationalist organizations have established links with the IRA and ETA, the Basque separatist group. "What the IRA has achieved, so shall we," the letter boasted.

Public alarm over the burnings, which to date have caused $625,000 worth of damage, was heightened last week when the BBC screened a shadowy figure claiming to be one of the fire-setting group. He said that the burnings would continue until holiday home prices collapsed and the properties reverted to Welsh owners. The program, which sparked off angry denunciations of the BBC in Parliament for providing a "platform" for terrorists, also featured an interview with John Jenkins, a former army sergeant and founder of a group called MAC—Movement for the Defence of Wales. MAC was associated with the 1969 bombings and Jenkins himself served seven years. Unrepentant, he claimed his group "will do whatever is necessary" to fulfil "the will of the people of Wales."

This nationalist militancy is thought to have been rekindled a year ago when Welsh voters turned a massive thumbs down to devolution. Subsequently, rumor has it, plans for the current arson campaign were laid at last August's Eisteddfod—a cultural gathering at which militants could easily meet undetected. The disturbing aspect of the current situation is seen to be the fellow-travelling attitude nonviolent nationalist groups have shown toward the arsonists. A spokesman for the Welsh Republican Socialist Movement, which combines nationalism with resentment at Wales' dire economic plight, recently said that he could "quite understand" Cadwyr Cymru's actions. "This is the only language the authorities, and the British government, understand."

Carol Kennedy



CAMERA PRESS

Cottage burned by nationalists: a carefully orchestrated campaign of arson



MONTES GAMMA LIAISON

National guardsmen pursue guerrillas in the countryside: widespread repression

El Salvador

The winds of civil war

As uprisings spread through the small Central American country of El Salvador last week, Amnesty International—the human rights organization—officially warned the U S government against military intervention on the side of the internal security forces. The warning came as congressional committees were hearing testimony on a Carter administration proposal to supply the Salvadoran armed forces with $5.7 million in military equipment and 36 U.S. Army advisers.

Although estimates vary greatly, the Roman Catholic church says that political violence in El Salvador has claimed at least 600 lives so far this year. And despite wide-ranging reforms, thought to be the most liberal ever proposed in Latin America, a full-scale civil war could erupt at any time.

The principal reason, Amnesty said last week, is that the Washington-backed military-civilian junta is unable to control the army and its right-wing senior officers. As a result, the army continues widespread repression at the very time it is supposed to be enforcing the reforms. Said an Amnesty spokesman: "This repression coincides with reports of increased U S aid, believed to centre on the police and public order operations. Under present conditions, it can only be expected to lead to further violations of human rights. The provision of some $200,000 worth of training material by the U S last year was followed by the deaths of scores of people."

The junta disputes Amnesty's charges and the U S government denies that it has actually sent any military equipment or advisers to El Salvador since the junta took power last October. However, the idea is under serious consideration and a decision will be reached in the next few weeks. President Carter has been strongly influenced by U S intelligence reports which indicate that the junta is making a real effort to bring about substantial social changes, but that it is being thwarted by small bands of Marxist guerrillas who believe revolution could bring them to power.

This, however, is by no means the whole story. In this coffee-rich nation of 4.8 million people, where two per cent of the population has for decades owned or controlled 60 per cent of the land, the junta's plan to redistribute about two million acres of land and persuade wealthy farm owners—most of whom live in Miami—to use their compensation to start new industries is a much-needed reform.

But it is just not working out. Many coffee plantation owners employ private armies which have recently been swelled by former members of the Nicaraguan National Guard, who fled to avoid war-crimes charges at home. When bands of peasants, organized through loosely co-ordinated agricultural trade unions, turn up to take over the expropriated farms, they are met by the private armies, in many cases backed by the Salvadoran army itself.

In reality, while small groups of Marxist guerrillas, like the right-wing paramilitary groups, are trying to undermine the reforms, most of rural unrest involves peasants seeking to claim their rights. And they are suffering greatly for their daring. Says Amnesty: "We have received reports of at least 80 people including 28 children killed in Cuscatlan Department alone. In Chalatenango Department a circle of fire was lit around a village to prevent local people from escaping. Troops then entered the village, killing some 40 people and abducting many others."

In fact, rather than the peasants for whom land is intended, says Amnesty, it is the government troops who have been seizing the land—and handing it over to members of ORDEN, a movement organized by El Salvador's previous government to use clandestine "guerrilla-style" terror against government opponents.

William Lowther

Panic in Needle Park

Bangkok's Chit Pochana restaurant, on a lane just off the Sukhumvit Road grind, is one of Thailand's favorite local food establishments. But according to Thai police and the RCMP drug squad agent who followed Barry Brian Ackerman of Calgary into the restaurant last Aug. 27, 30-year-old Ackerman wasn't there to enjoy its specialty—flaming chicken.

Not long after Ackerman and a 29-year-old Australian, Norman John Walker, sat down at a table already occupied by Yuporn Klabaraeo, police pounced and seized 730 grams of pure No. 4 heroin which the Thai woman allegedly was selling to the pair. Although Ackerman was identified with the help of the RCMP man who had followed him from Vancouver, he was carrying a German passport with his picture and bearing the name of Harold Adler. Narcotics sources said Ackerman also had two other passports, in addition to the one Ottawa authorizes him to use under his own name.

For the RCMP, the arrest of Ackerman marks an important stage in a lengthy investigation into a Canadian Connection with Thailand which the Mounties say was putting several types of narcotics onto the streets of Vancouver and making a bundle for its operators. The pure No. 4 white heroin Ackerman is charged with receiving for smuggling out of Thailand and sale abroad (meaning in Canada) retails here for roughly $3,000 per 730 grams. The same quantity *wholesales* in Vancouver for some $300,000. Cut to the strength of eight per cent and sold on the street, it would be worth $1 million or more.

Ackerman: a one-man firing squad



For Ackerman, the charge is a grave one. Possession of more than 100 grams of heroin under Thailand's tough new drug laws carries a possible death penalty. A guilty verdict in the trial, set to begin March 24, could put Ackerman in front of a one-man firing squad.

While awaiting trial, Ackerman and his fellow accused have been in custody in the Klong Prem light jail holding area. But Ackerman doesn't have to eat the day-old rice and meagre fish and vegetables that form the diet of Thai prisoners. A Thai girl-friend has arranged for food from outside to be sent to him. He also bunks better—with other foreign prisoners he lives in a dormitory, sleeping on mattresses on raised platforms—and has access to legal advice.

Apart from such details, however, sources familiar with the case are reticent. In Thailand, pretrial publicity can result in a mistrial faster than under Canadian law. But one said: "A lot of things are going to come out," many of them presumably, during the testimony of the RCMP agent who is to give evidence.

David Allen

Southeast Asia

The new cockleshell heroes

For Arnie Highfield, assistant sector commander of the stretch of Hong Kong's coastal waters most heavily used by escaping Vietnamese boat people, it is like the fresh recurrence of an old nightmare. "They are definitely starting to arrive in larger numbers," he says, his binoculars trained on a small boat bobbing on the horizon. "That's a Vietnamese boat over there."

The twin diesels of Police 5 rev up and the 75-ton 78-footer smashes through the South China Sea toward a high-prowed fishing boat with 18 people on board, ranging in age from 18 months to a grandmother well past 60. They wave feebly. Their six-day-and-night flight from Vietnam is over. Eighteen more boat people, like the 74,000 before them, have found safe haven—18 reminders that the crisis, far from being over, may be about to start cresting once again.

When he is pulled aboard, shivering, 23-year-old Ngoyen Van Doc, an architectural student from Ho Chi Minh City, spreads out his damp, Xeroxed map and explains how he steered out from DaNang and luckily, six days later, found the police boat in front of him. No pirates, no starvation, no sharks. Eighteen lucky survivors of what has come to be described as a liquid Auschwitz.



SVEN SIMON

Vietnamese refugees at sea (top), and aboard the Hai Hong last year: new flood

The world's hunger for ever more sensational headlines has temporarily pushed the boat people off the front pages. But not off the high seas. After the conclusion of an artfully orchestrated UN Refugee Conference in Geneva last July, the Hanoi government was given tacit approval by the international community to crack down hard on would-be escapees to give overstrained relief organizations breathing room.

But the Saigon grapevine now has it that the faucet is about to be reopened—close to 2,700 boat people made it to freedom in January and the February total, at 2,965, is significantly higher. Hong Kong's *South China Morning Post* recently predicted a new human flood for which a fleet of new boats was being readied in Vietnam.

Meanwhile, close to 5,000 new arrivals are packed in a camp at Songkhla in southern Thailand. Further along the coast another 2,000 have taken shelter at Laem Sing. And Thai authorities estimate that upward of 1,500 may be tied up in front of marine police stations in dozens of coves and fishing villages. The Thais estimate that there has been at least a 25-per-cent increase in boat people in recent weeks.

What makes the counting difficult is that the refugees are no longer coming out 3,000 at a time in Hai Hong-sized ocean liners. Today's escapees are slipping away in cockleshells, making them much more vulnerable to storms and the predatory Thai pirates. Some refugees have even switched from boats to bikes. For a 1.2-ounce tael of gold, a refugee family can bribe a Vietnamese truck driver, carrying supplies to the Hanoi troops in Kampuchea, for places among the sacks and packing cases. The refugees decamp temporarily in the shantytowns outside Phnom Penh and then invest another tael with Chinese middlemen for the 200-mile truck ride to Battambang, near the Thai border. From there, by bike and on foot, they negotiate their way through the minefields and around the fighting toward Sisophon. Thirty miles from Sisophon is Khao-I-Dang, the massive no-man's-land camp where more than 100,000 refugees are languishing under Thai control.



SVEN SIMON

Their overland route, however, may soon be closed. Last week Thai authorities threatened to turn away all refugees from the Kampuchean side after fighting broke out between refugees in a border camp. And those who have already made that trek can look forward to a period in Thai refugee camps, and then a further wait in one of the two vast processing centres which the UN has opened on Bataan in the Philippines and on Galang Island in Indonesia. There the average stay before resettlement is three years.

But as he wraps Arnie Highfield's borrowed police pea jacket around his shivering frame and takes a long drag on a cigarette offered by a marine policeman, Ngoyen Van Doc isn't thinking about the years of waiting. For him and the 17 Vietnamese with him, the ordeal is over.

Arturo Gonzalez



Another public feather for a private nest

By Gillian MacKay

One by one they disappear—sitting ducks for wealthy hunters who know that it's cheaper and smarter in a time of slow growth to buy rather than build. Such a target was Hugh Russel Inc., a Toronto-based steel distributor with sales of more than $500 million, which was gunned down last fortnight by York Steel Construction Ltd., focal point of the mind-boggling matrix of construction, real estate and steel companies wholly owned by Toronto's Tanenbaum family. Hunting season on Hugh Russel began last year when Archie Russel, 61-year-old chairman, let it be known that his 17-percent block was up for grabs.

Not for just anyone, though. Described by associates as a "gentleman of the old school" who underestimated the financial worth of the company started by his ancestors 200 years ago, Russel was proud when it came to its heritage. His fear of seeing Hugh Russel swallowed up—or worse, dismantled—and fatherly concern for his employees caused him to avoid approaching logical buyers such as the Tanenbaums, in the face of whose vast wealth (estimated at up to $1 billion) Hugh Russel is a drop in the bucket. Similarly, he spurned the advances of Vancouver financier Sam Belzberg and partner Cecil Franklin, chairman of Algonquin Mercantile Corp., whose fast finagling in the stock market was anathema to Russel. Thus, when he and two senior executives finally did sell their shares late in January, it was to buyers he supposed were safe and for an absurdly modest $17 a share—Clifford Smith and his lawyer son Stephen, owners of a small chemical distributing firm.

The story would have ended there but for the unlikely emergence of a young David amid corporate Goliaths whose efforts had the unintended effect of hurtling the company into the lap of the very people the chairman had sought so strenuously to avoid. Mark Wayne, a 23-year-old University of Toronto law student who invests the money he makes selling ads at the *Toronto Star* on weekends, was attracted to the shares of Hugh Russel for much the same reasons as Sam Belzberg—they were a bargain when measured against the $23 breakup value of the company. When Russel announced last November that he was talking to three interested buyers, Wayne bought 200 shares. Disappointed when only the control block changed hands two months later, Wayne decided to do what the typically meek Canadian shareholder only dreams of—he fought back. Armed with a new and never-tested securities regulation on the transfer of control, Wayne asked the Ontario Securities Commission to force an offer to be made to all shareholders. Ironically, Wayne did not even want the Smith offer, which he considered a poor one—he wanted the glory of appearing at an OSC hearing.

Hugh Russel steelworks, Chairman Archie Russel (inset), York Steel President Joseph Tanenbaum (below) boggling matrix



REUMAN FLYING AL POST

Whether or not he would have won is now a matter for academic speculation because the subsequent take-over meant that the hearing was never held. In fact, the possibility that the Smiths might be forced to make an offer which they could ill afford brought new bidders into the fray. Advised that the OSC would rule in favor of Wayne, Belzberg took another run at Hugh Russel—this time with new partners, Vancouver investors James and Gordon Byrn, and offered $18 in cash for all the shares. In no time, the Tanenbaums, privately accusing the Byrn-Belzberg group of trying to "steal" Hugh Russel at bargain-basement prices, emerged with a counter-offer of $21.50 a share. It was promptly accepted by the Smiths who, in less than two months, had made a profit of $4.5 million. Bitter at what he saw as a personal betrayal—to say nothing of the profit lost—Russel sought solace on his cabin cruiser in the Bahamas.

Russel's fears for the fate of his company under the Tanenbaums may well prove to have been exaggerated. A York Steel spokesman says the aim is to let it be Russel employees, though nervous, are hoping that the tight-fisted and occasionally eccentric York Steel chairman, Max Tanenbaum, will not force them to vacate their dignified downtown offices and move to his ramshackle headquarters in the suburban York Steel yards.

Hugh Russel President Peter Foster purports not to be concerned about possible changes which could well improve the company. What does bother him, though, are the tougher securities regulations and the "Ralph Naders of this world" who are taking all the fun out of owning a public company. With more power, too, in the hands of minority shareholders such as Wayne, Foster predicts more owners will make their companies private. After all, what beleaguered chairmen of the board doesn't envy Max Tanenbaum, whose celebrated response to a question about consulting his shareholders was, "Who's to ask?"

The perils of Elsie the Cow

Fans of Elsie the Cow may have thought the old girl was being put out to pasture when Silverwood Industries Limited took over the Ontario dairy division of the Borden Company, Ltd., but she was just moving to a new barn. Already the largest Canadian-owned dairy (nationwide sales of $315 million in 1979), Silverwood will capture a third of the Ontario dairy market with its $10-million purchase.

That may look too thirsty, but Silverwood probably needs that much to stay alive in the cutthroat dairy industry. Supermarkets often sell milk at a loss to attract customers and the baby-boom generation just isn't guzzling milk as it once did. Silverwood finally showed a small profit on dairy operations in 1979 after three years of losses and ruthless cost-cutting. Borden, whose losses were getting worse, decided to concentrate on its more profitable food and chemical products, forsaking milk for money-makers like Elmer's Glue.

The wiping out of a division of U.S. food giant, Borden Inc., was another trophy on the mantelpiece of Eric Findlay who, in his 10 years at the head of Silverwood, has shaken the sleepy, sprawling company down to its very roots in London, Ont. Breaking with a tradition that dated back to the founding of Silverwood in 1903, Findlay pulled the company out of the money-losing home delivery business, aiming instead to catch customers on the run. Today, the action at Silverwood turns to its fast growing chains of 76 Baskin-Robbins ice cream stores and more than 630 Mac's Milk convenience stores. Silverwood is tackling the murderous fast-food business by opening take-out counters in most of its Mac's Milk stores, and last week it bought the Ontario franchise rights to operate Steak and Ale restaurants from Pillsbury Co. of Minneapolis.

Findlay is no stranger to survival tactics. As the son of a small Toronto dairy owner, he grew up fighting the giants, giving up to join Silverwood in 1966, and bringing along his family business. Findlay bought back a piece of his past in 1978 when a management group in which he holds a majority interest bought control of the company from the Silverwood family. It had, as one member put it then, simply "run out of men." With his son, Craig, heading the Baskin-Robbins division, Findlay may just be starting a dynasty of his own.

Gillian MacKay

Silverwood's Findlay, Borden's Elsie at exhibit (below) murderous fast food



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

NEW YORK TIMES

For those who speak in tongues

It has been almost three years since the first francisizers appeared on the doorsteps of Montreal-based multinationals, scrutinizing name-plaques for Ltd. where there should be Ltée, or removing "'s" from names like Eaton's or Ogilvy's. Today, though this Péquiste unilingual zeal has somewhat moderated the province's language stigma remains a problem, particularly for those international firms competing to attract senior management talent to the city. "Actually the Office de la Langue Française has shown itself pretty flexible in applying the law," admits Guy Desmarais, president of the Montreal Chambre de Commerce, "but the city still projects a poor business image to those outside the province."

Starting last fall, Desmarais, the Chambre and its English counterpart, the Montreal Board of Trade, called together the personnel vice-presidents of the city's 18 largest corporations to come up with novel ways to boost Montreal's career appeal. Now they have a solution. Montreal, perhaps as early as September, will become the site of an international, multilingual school similar to those now serving the daughters and sons of globe-trotting executives, diplomats and United Nations employees in the world's most cosmopolitan cities. Explaining how the network of posh, reputable schools operates in cities such as Geneva, Lyons, New York, London and Paris, their beauty lies in their uniform standards,' says Desmarais. "A transfer to say, Geneva, means a child won't even have missed a lesson."

Doubtless another beauty of the school for the corporations is the interest, or perhaps lack of it shown by the language office in its multilingual emphasis—French, English and a third elective tongue. Gilles Racine of the Office says that as long as the school qualifies as private—with business footing its operational tab—the provisions of the French-language charter don't apply. In fact, the provincial government will offer not only its linguistic blessings but also a building to house the jet-set prep pupils. Tuition fees are bound to be expensive—this will not be a school for the idle poor. While it won't help every disgruntled anglophone in Quebec, it may give some nervous executives the assurance that their children will get good training in both languages.

Larry Black

Correction

In the March 3, 1980, issue, *Maclean's* mistakenly identified the Aetna Casualty & Surety Company as a company involved in charges under the Combines Investigation Act. *Maclean's* regrets any inconvenience that might have been caused by this erroneous report.

In what must be the most unusual coupling of vocal chords in television history, **Loratta Lynn** and **Luciano Pavarotti** recently paired off to croon Ernesto De Curtis' famous tune to an Italian town, *Come Back to Sorrento*. The coal miner's daughter and the baker's son were united for an ABC TV show called *Omnibus* which will air this spring with **Hal Holbrook** handling the introductions. Lynn and Pavarotti found common ground in songs about relationships between men and women that centre on jealousy, hatred, love and passion—the prerequisites for both country and western music and opera. To illustrate their simpatico, Pavarotti sings *La Donna è Mobile* (*Women are Fickle*) and Lynn belts back *You Ain't Woman Enough to Take My Man*, along with a hard-hitting ditty called *I'm Pregnant Again*.

Bobby Hull may be a great left-winger, but when it comes to making support payments to his estranged wife, **Joanne**, the Hartford Whaler has trouble signing his cheques on time. Earlier this month the couple's messy arrangement was dragged into the Winnipeg courtroom of Mr. Justice **Louis Desisat**, who ordered Bobby to come through with $6,000 in back payments by March 28 and told Joanne to disclose her assets fully. Joanne's lawyer, **Arthur Rich**, would like Bobby to disclose his assets as well. "He lists his net assets at $630,000, but there's no reference to his income from commercial endorsements and not a single mention of a cow, even though he has a ranch in Manitoba," says Rich. Meanwhile, Bobby is trying to get court approval to lower the $3,000 a month he was ordered to pay last September. The financial dirty laundry is to be aired in court next month.

In 1944 Winnipeg science fiction author **A. E. Van Vogt** left Canada to "join the competition." Earlier this month, Van Vogt, 68, showed up in Halifax to accept the Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Award for his collected works, which include *Slan*, *The Voyage of the Space Beagle* and *The Weapon Shops of Isher*. The cast-iron and rosewood award presented to Van Vogt featured a razor-toothed reptilian creature fashioned by Port Medway, N.S., sculptor **Mika Spancar** after the fashion of the monster in the film *Alien*. In fact, Van Vogt believes that the plot of *Alien* follows a story in his book, *Discord in Scarlet*, too closely for originality and he is currently in "friendly negotiation" with the film's producers. So far *Alien* has reaped about $44 million and Van Vogt points out that the $30,000 he has been offered is "not enough for a picture that's doing that well."

The tremors that British Columbia novelist **Crawford Kilian** started last year with his polar shakeup disaster *Icequake* will be followed through in a wave-riddled sequel called *Aftershock*. The community college English teacher, 39, says he plans to examine "how a group of narcissists in the mid-'80s cope with disaster." Kilian describes his characters as "people who've been spending their lives worrying about actualizing their potential and then find that it's necessary to actualize supper."

"I don't want to be 90 years old and be walking down the street and have people saying, 'There goes the Rowdyman,'" says 49-year-old **Gordon Pinsent**. The rough-and-tumble role has stalked Pinsent since 1972, when his self-scripted performance won him two best Canadian actor awards. Last week, Pinsent was honored again with a Genie Award for his supporting role as **Bill Swiftwater** in *Jack London's Klondike Fever*. This year Pinsent plans to concentrate on his screenplays, with a full stage break at Ottawa's National Arts Centre in *John and the Missus*. After three seasons of writing and starring in the CBC's *A Gift to Last*, he decided to bow out because he had "spent enough time with it" and "can't hang on to one thing." Pinsent claims that he has no aspirations to becoming a "notable writer," but he does believe that good stories are the backbone of the developing Canadian film industry. "We have to save ourselves," he says about the limited life span of the film investor's tax shelter, "before we're bogged down by a history of bad films."

"I'd be a dentist before I'd do disco," laughs expatriate Winnipegger **Burton Cummings**, who has spent the past three years living in Los Angeles with his cocker spaniel, Fimmy, though he still maintains a home in "the Peg." On April 2, Cummings, 32, makes what is becoming an annual pilgrimage to Toronto to host the Juno Awards. "I enjoy being the host, even though it's not my sort of gig really," says Cummings, who has been studying last year's videotapes to make improvements. "I'm not going to try to come out like **Johnny Carson** or anything." At the Junos, Cummings will also introduce a couple of songs from his new album, *Woman Love*, which he says is "gutsier" than his previous works but still has a few ballads for the faithful. Cummings is also growing his mane back for the awards. Recent photographs have shown him moustacheless and close-cropped, but he should have a shag by April. "It's coming back quickly," he says. "My hair grows just like a girl's."

There was only one big winner to emerge from former U.S. president **Gerald Ford**'s brief flirtation this month with the idea that he might challenge **Ronald Reagan** for the Republican nomination. That person was **Albert Cauraro**, who designs clothing for **Betty Ford**. While Ford was hedging his bets, his wife was rummaging in the closet and discovering that her wardrobe was not up to par for a presidential bid. According to friends, Betty agreed to campaign but insisted on looking her best, so Ford gave her the go-ahead to buy new clothes. Cauraro was called to action to prepare eight new outfits immediately with a second order in the wings. During the interim Ford decided not to run, but in the first week of April Betty's order will be filled to the tune of about $8,000 worth of organza and crepe de Chine.

"I've always dreamed of dressing like a man, even though I was never a tomboy," says Quebec actress **Carole Laure**, who recently upholstered herself in various combinations of gentleman's attire to become the first woman cover boy of Paris' *Vogue Hommes* magazine. Former *Playboy* photographer-turned-soft core pornographic film-maker **Just Jaeckin** conceived and orchestrated Laure's masculine masquerade, which will appear in the September issue. "There's nothing sexier or more tender for a woman than to be dressed in the clothes of her man," advises Jaeckin.

Though **Sandra Andara** is hardly a household word, chances are that any Canadian with a TV and an eye for commercials has seen her pitching everything from Molson Golden to Oil of Olay. The former model-turned-actress is now set for a role that will last longer than 30 seconds. In producer **Harry Alan Towara**' adventure-on-the-high-seas film *Southern Cross*, she will share billing with **France Nuro**, **Glenn Ford** and a school of sharks. Anders, 21, learned to swim in lakes close to her hometown of Sudbury, Ontario, and her strong backstroke should serve her well next month when she begins working on underwater sequences in the clear water off the Mexican island of Cozumel. "I get really dark in the sun," says Anders, who plays a Mexican pearl diver caught between the good guys and the bad guys. The idea of working with sharks doesn't frighten her "that much" because she has been assured that local fishermen have been hired to round up "half-dead, docile sharks."

When the nuclear power plant "mistake" occurred last year at Three Mile Island, singer **David Clayton-Thomas** and the assorted members of **Blood Sweat and Tears** were preparing for a concert in nearby Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. The terror of it all inspired Clayton-Thomas, 38, to write a song called *Nuclear Blues*, which has become the title cut of the group's latest jazz-rock album. "I'm totally opposed to nuclear power plants and the kind of mentality that allows governments to build them in people's backyards without taking the trouble to vote on it," he says. Though the group hasn't made a formal commitment to anti-nuke organizations, Clayton-Thomas says **Jane Fonda**'s people have been "sniffing around" and the song is becoming an anthem for the cause.

Edited by Marsha Boulton



CHRISTOPHER LITTLE

Lynn and Pavarotti: coupling their chords

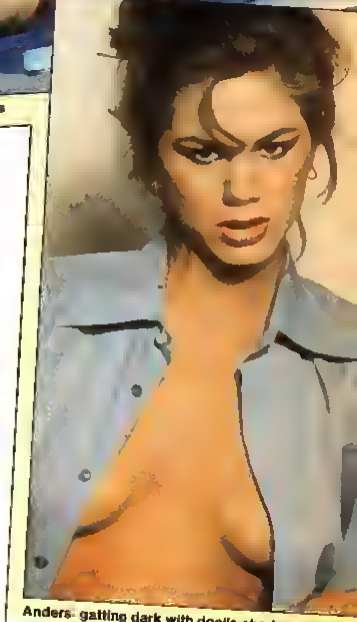


Pinsent: "Can't hang on to one thing"



CURT GUNTHER / CAMERA 5

Cummings, Fimmy: grow shaggy locks



Anders: getting dark with docile sharks

Just wait 'till this year



BOB SHERMAN CAMERA 5

LaFlore, the catalyst, at the plate in Florida training: welcome to the majors

By Hal Quinn

Dick Williams is smiling. The 50-year-old manager of the Montreal Expos has been joking about the weight belt he's wearing in the faint hope of trimming his midriff, and rolling his eyes as his third baseman, Larry Parrish, describes how far he hit a golf ball that morning. The Florida sunshine promised by the local Chamber of Commerce is finally pouring into the ball park, but more than the weather and golf stories are making Williams happy. His team finished just two games away from the National League Eastern Division pennant last season after taking Canada to the brink of baseball hysteria, and now he's back with a club he thinks is even better.

Last year, the Expos had what most observers considered the best young outfield in the major leagues. Warren Cromartie, 26, was in left field, André Dawson, 25, was in centre and over in right was Ellis Valentine, 25. Together they were magnificent, unbridled potential, the grist of dynasties. Among them they hit 54 home runs, stole 54 bases and, led by Valentine, had fans on their feet applauding their catching and throwing. This year, Ron LeFlore will be in left, and that has Williams smiling.

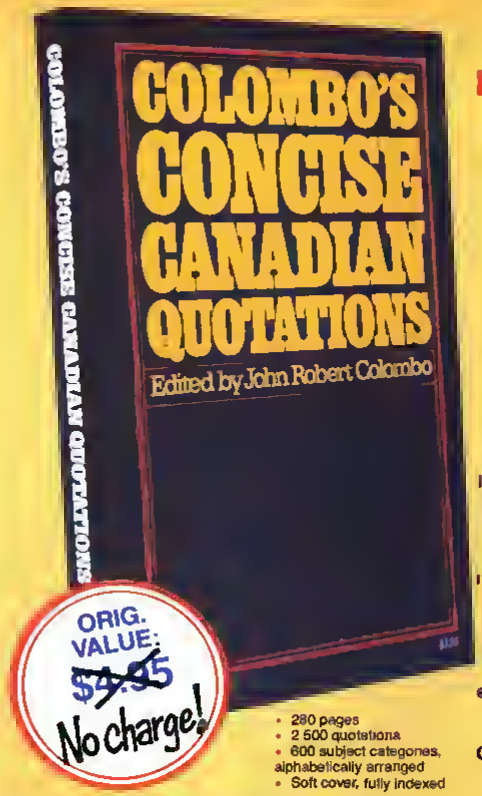
Shaded by the dugout roof, LeFlore relaxes, casually flipping a bat. They say he'll be 28 in June. Many are skeptical, but few doubt him when he says, "I've had a lot of experiences." His story of rising from a Detroit ghetto, serving time in prison and becoming a star in the big leagues has been told in a TV movie. He exudes the quiet confidence of a man well aware of his abilities and of the stage on which he performs. He is a gifted hitter (.300 last season for the Detroit Tigers) who runs with almost frightening speed. Last season he stole 78 bases, the year before 68. Now an Expo, he is what baseball people call "that added dimension"—speed—and what fans and experts see as the catalyst needed to take the Expos to the pennant.

"I'm going to tell ya, that's generating a lot of pressure for me for them to think that because they've got Ron LeFlore that I'm going to take the ball club to the World Series. They lost two pitchers [Dan Schatzeder to Detroit for LeFlore, and Rudy May], and from my understanding, pitching is supposed to be 75 per cent of the game. It's going to be very difficult for them to make up the games that those guys won."

But Williams isn't thinking that way—he's looking to opening day with LeFlore his lead-off hitter. "When LeFlore gets on we follow with Rodney Scott [Expos second baseman who stole 39 last season], then Dawson [35 steals]. Those three can fly. Heck, they might steal 150 bases between them." Williams' eyes sparkle because following his three flyers he has four power hitters—Valentine, Parrish, catcher Gary Carter and Rusty Staub—to bring them home. Speed and power are the essence of this game and, in combination, set up a subtle chemistry, a chain reaction. It's not lost on the alchemist.

"With my being here," says LeFlore, "I know the catchers are going to be rushing their throws to second, calling more fastballs. And this is a tremendously good fastball hitting team. So you're going to see a lot more balls in orbit than you have in the past, and I can say I'm the reason the team will hit more home runs."

The new dimension has changed this team, just as the departure of another has too. First baseman Tony Perez, the unofficial leader and anchor of last year's club, went to Boston for more money in the twilight of his career. He will be missed on and off the field. His leaving, and LeFlore's arrival, meant that Cromartie lost his job and now competes with Staub, the original Expos hero, for Perez's old one. Usually wisecracking in a Don Rickles-like rapid fire, Cromartie is quieter this



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spring Dawson will say, "We had one of the best outfields in the majors. Now we have the best for speed, distance and power." Cromartie will say, "It's no big adjustment. I played first in high school and junior college. Just now, I feel very uncomfortable at the plate. First base is no problem." And Rusty Staub will say, "It's a tough situation. First base is a run-producing position and I know that I'm the one who should be there. I'm going to drive the runs in. Over my 17-year career that's where my forte has been and that's what it will continue to be. It basically comes down to them having me hitting fourth to drive in runs, or having 'Cro' hitting seventh to get on base."

It's the kind of "problem" that Williams doesn't mind, the kind of problem only managers of teams with a chance to win championships have. And with trades, acquisitions and elevations, as Williams puts it, "the folks back in Montreal think we have this thing locked up." But the Eastern Division of the National League includes the World Series champion Pittsburgh Pirates, among others.

After putting on a throwing display from right field, repeatedly launching the ball as if along a high-tension wire, popping the catcher's glove to exaggerated "oooeee"s and "ahhhhh"s from his teammates, Ellis Valentine trotted in out of the sun. "Man, in this division everybody—Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, St. Louis—everybody's gonna be there. It's going to be right down tight." Staub thinks it's going to be "the most competitive year in the division's history." And LeFlore expects to work. "When I came over here, these guys said 'Welcome to the major league, you just left the minors.' Well that American League East with New York, Baltimore and Boston wasn't exactly Triple A. But this one here is going to be tough."

Spring is the time for optimism and predictions, before a "real" game is lost. The rookies on their way up, and the veterans on their way out, are still with the team. But on this one, this "contender," the speed and power players are talking about LeFlore's "75 per cent of the game"—pitching. Williams is guarded but confident. The Expos had the lowest earned-run average in the majors last year, but two pitchers from that staff are gone. "Still," says Williams, "we picked up Fred Norman to compliment Woodie Fryman in the bull pen. Steve Rogers is going to be better than his 13-wins, 12-losses record of last year. Ross Grimsley is going to be better than 10-9, we have Bill Lee who won 16 for us last year, David Palmer [10-2] who has an eight-game win streak going from last year, and Scott Sanderson [9-8]. We have Elias Sosa in relief and then there's eight other pitchers fighting for two spots."

But Valentine is saying, "We definitely need someone who can come out there and put something hard on them. You know, hitters see that slow stuff all the time and they just start weaving on it." Valentine would like to see a couple of "fireballin' left-handed relievers," as would LeFlore. "I noticed right off that this team needs a hard-throwing lefty," he says. And the man who crouches and watches all those pitches, catcher Carter, says, "Fryman can come out there and saw bats off, but if he throws one the wrong way he has to move those bone chips around in his elbow to be able to toss another one. There might be another trade yet."

Fine-tuning. The adjustments that turn a contender into a champion. It is not lost on Williams. Yet the race for this year's pennants may be delayed. The players' agreement with the team owners has expired, and all but one of the first 586 players polled by week's end had voted to support a strike. The focus of the disagreement on a new pact is the owners' proposal that teams be compensated if one of their players becomes a free agent and signs with another team. The players feel that compensation would effectively defuse free agentry, denying them a chance at the multimillion dollar contracts that free agents have won over the past few years. The owners last week withdrew their proposed pay scale setting limits on salaries for the first six years of a major league player's career, but as Expo Tommy Hutton says, "They proposed some ridiculous things so we came back with some of our own. Once they're dropped, the negotiators can get down to business." The executive of the players' association will meet in Dallas on April Fools' Day. The players are united, yet some, like Staub, feel that a strike is "inevitable," while others, like Dawson, feel "the owners don't want to lose the momentum of the record crowds and interest built up over the last couple of years."

Dawson for one would hate to see free agentry weakened. "I feel I'm about a year away from going after the kind of money that's going around." And so is LeFlore. "I can be a free agent next year, and though I'm very happy with Montreal—look, I'm a happy-go-lucky guy, and there are a lot of the same type of guys on this team. I like it here. But I feel it would be stupid of me not to go out and discover what my value in the marketplace might be."

If and when the Expo season opens it will be an interesting one. Bill Lee has grown a beard again, Parrish, Carter and Dawson will be putting them in orbit, Valentine will be firing cannon shots from right, and Scott and the catalyst will be flying. But wait only for this year, because the chemistry could be different next year. ◇



ROB SHEIMAN/CAMERA 5



AP

Parrish heads for first, Rogers on the mound (inset): this season for optimism

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Column

Jamie's taking his ball and going down to Dallas



By Trent Frayne

The people who run football in this country won't recognize how desperately Jamie Bone wants to play quarterback in their game. They can't understand why he just doesn't switch to defensive halfback, like all good little Canadian quarterbacks when they reach the CFL, and stop rocking the goddam boat. Geez, can't he skate? Why doesn't he go get his teeth knocked out in hockey like a sensible Canadian instead of always dragging them into court?

What they don't appreciate is that Jamie Bone is absolutely dedicated to throwing a football. With some guys it's booze, with others it's chasing women, with still others it's voting Trudeau. Everybody's got to do something. But not many have to as badly as Jamie Bone. Since he was in Grade 9 at Queen Elizabeth High School in Halifax, he has hardly ever stopped fondling a football, spinning it in the air a few feet and catching it, flipping it over a few times, suddenly dropping back with it and cocking it beside his right ear and visualizing a guy making his cut downfield and laying the ball right there on his numbers.



BOB FOSTER

This is when he is alone. When he has somebody with him who is as screwy over football as he is, he might throw the ball 10,000 times a day. How many times? *Ten thousand times! A day!* "Sure, in Grade 11, for instance, we'd throw the football from 10 a.m. until 9 p.m.," Jamie Bone says. Even right now, at 23, and a graduate in social science from the University of Western Ontario, Jamie goes to the field house on the London campus and works out from noon until eight o'clock at night. "I throw 300 drop-backs every day," Jamie Bone says. "My arm is in fantastic shape, *I* am in fantastic shape. I think I'm better equipped now to play quarterback than I've ever been. I'm really confident of this Dallas thing."

You know about Jamie Bone and this Dallas thing. Here we have a Canadian quarterback with impeccable college credentials who can't find a sympathetic ear anywhere in the CFL. He got such a brush-off in a brief trial with the Hamilton Tiger-Cats that he charged them with discrimination in a case heard last June by the Ontario Human Rights Commission's board of inquiry. Bone said he was refused a fair opportunity to win employment because he's a Canadian. He was awarded $10,000 and the Tiger-Cats were instructed to give him a 30-day trial (instead of the usual five allowed by the CFL). Bone declined the 30-day tryout, thanks a lot.

Anyway, here he is, acknowledged by all sorts of football people as one of the great passers in Canadian college history, and all he gets is the back of the hand from the CFL, including its highly visible commissioner J. G. (Jake) Gaudaur, who appears to think it would be a horrible thing if a CFL team had to get along without two American quarterbacks to keep all the fans in a high state of excitement if one American quarterback happened to get hurt. Imagine how terrible it would be if a *Canadian* had to go in and replace him.

Where were we? Ah yes, the Dallas Cowboys. The Dallas Cowboys, people say, are the best-organized team in the game—computers everywhere, record books covering walls, films filling projectors, the pertinent stats on every red-blooded American boy who ever instinctively picked up a pig and started running with it.

The Cowboys spent close to three months studying films, checking records, interviewing, testing and finally offering a contract to Bone. They sent a scout to London, one Reed Johnson, to bone up on Bone's mental and physical skills. "Like, he'd tell me to throw a pass and he'd give me 11 things he wanted done," Bone says. "He'd say, 'Take a five-step drop, keep an eye on the middle linebacker and an eye on the cornerback, make a step to the right four inches shorter than your normal step, and fake a throw to the wide receiver on a post pattern but throw it real' and so on like that. He said I did the whole 11 perfectly."

And an IQ test? For *football?*

"Yeah, it helps weed people out, too," Bone says. "He'd say things like, 'Three partners go into business and agree to split profits evenly. One partner puts in $6,100, another partner puts in $4,500, and the third partner puts in only $1,500. In the first month they make $6,000. How much does each partner get?' The trick is, of course, it doesn't matter how much the partners put in if they're splitting profits evenly, right? So if they make $6,000, each one gets $2,000. Yeah, I got that one. He was very encouraging. In fact, the whole organization was very encouraging."

This makes the whole organization damned nearly unique in Bone's experience in pro football. When Hamilton's general manager, Ralph Sazio, heard of the Dallas development he said he didn't think Bone had a chance. Well, you can expect that from a team that had given Bone no chance to prove himself, but how do you explain the Toronto *Globe and Mail?* Canada's self-proclaimed national newspaper greeted Bone's signing right across the page in this gloomy fashion: CANADIAN QB HAS LITTLE CHANCE OF MAKING COWBOYS. But Bone, who keeps bouncing up grinning and hanging in, had no time to reflect upon it. He was busy doing what he can do better than almost anybody—300 of 'em, every day.



Turning the tables: a separate reality



ANGUS DE CALGARY



OLGA TRACY

Vickary and Hladun (top), and 21 McGill rooftop bar. Insulted once too often

Three Calgary women looked over the Oil Patch last year, noted the city clubs that exclude women as members, and decided the time was ripe to launch a club for women. Accountant Ann Westly, lawyer Gail Vickery and interior designer Helene Hladun, who spearheaded the project to establish a private women's club in Calgary, eventually ended up in a banker's office, looking to borrow $160,000 of the $400,000 start-up costs. The bank manager allowed that he would advance them the money all right—provided the three women found a man to co-sign their loan.

"A man—any man—would have done, evidently," snaps Westly, then laughs at the irony of it all. The trio tripped smartly out of that bank and went off to another more attuned to their thinking. In the end, Inter Se (Latin for "among ourselves") had no trouble getting bank financing. The rest of the money was raised by selling shares at $2,000 each to 50 women and by initiation fees and annual dues from an anticipated 350 members.

The club will open its doors later this spring in Gulf Canada Square, a new high-rise tower in downtown Calgary. While the city's venerable Ranchmen's Club still demands that women guests enter by the back door, male guests can venture into Inter Se by the main door. But they're only guests. The 100-seat dining room, 50-seat cocktail lounge, meeting rooms, gymnasium, Jacuzzi and steam room are for the exclusive use of women.

The 100 women who turned out for a wall-raising party to herald the club's opening cited three main reasons why they're paying initiation fees of $400 and annual dues of $400 to belong. They see a need to support other women in the project, they're hoping to make business and social contacts with other women, and they have been insulted once too often by the Ranchman's and the equally male-only Petroleum Club. "A women's club is overdue in Calgary," says Hladun. "If it's true that Calgary is going to become the financial centre of the West, women should be in on the excitement, should be part of the whole atmosphere. We don't want to be left sitting on the sidelines cheering on the men." Besides, as one of the new members points out, Toronto's 21 McGill just raised its out-of-town membership fees. "It's getting expensive to have lunch there twice a year."

Twenty-one McGill is the grandmother of the new kind of women's clubs that are springing up—organizations that differ from old-style "ladies' clubs" by emphasizing the special fitness and social needs of busy career women. Founded six years ago by Isabel Beveridge, the club now has 2,500 members ($800 initiation, $460 annual dues) ensconced in an old Y building in downtown Toronto. The amenities are worth the steep price. McGill has everything from a summer rooftop bar and restaurant to a pool and running track, snooker room and auditorium, not to mention a nursery. Activities run the gamut from debating and investment clubs to French conversation classes. "It's more than a social club. It's more than a fitness club," says sport and fitness director Pat Boland. "It's a place for women to escape to."

While Calgary's new club may not be as lavish, it is already setting an example. A group of 50 women is trying to organize a women's club in Edmonton, while women in the small rural city of Lethbridge, Alberta, have appealed to Inter Se for aid and advice about setting up a women's club there. Similarly, women in Ottawa and Vancouver, as well as in numerous American cities, have been in touch with 21 McGill about starting up their own clubs. And in Toronto, where it all began, a second women's club is under construction. A gentleman still has the prerogative of retiring to his club but, in cities across Canada, a woman looking for a room of her own can head, increasingly, to a club of her own.

Suzanne Zwarun

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TEEN SEX

By Judith Timson

Lunch hour. In an audiovisual room just opposite the main office of Victoria Park Secondary School, deep in the heart of Ontario's suburban North York, the girls with their frizzed hair and rolled-up corduroys are chomping on Cheezies and passing the potato chips. One pouty 16-year-old sullenly assaults a Fudgsicle. The few boys who enter shuffle to the back and keep their heads inclined toward the floor, not so much expecting trouble as avoiding it. At the head of the class, Sue Johanson, a 49-year-old registered nurse, is doing her imitation of sperm. Flapping her arms, with a crazed look on her rubbery face, she gets the message across with the finesse of a stand-up comic: the little things swim so fast that, if you're not protected, you don't have a chance. The class loves it.

By the end of the following hour the room with the open door, the come-if-you-want-to class that started out half-empty, is packed with kids—whole rows of dudes with sleepy eyes and sly smiles, platoons of ripe young women, a few couples casually holding hands or touching arms, matching best girl-friends, and loners of both sexes who can't quite bring themselves to laugh out loud along with the others. But they all sit spellbound as Johanson, treading one of the finest lines any educator ever walked, escorts them joyfully, intelligently and openly through the valley of the shadow of sex. And they obviously fear no evil, for into a locked box in the main office, with all the anticipation of a lover sending off a billet-doux, they have slipped their anonymous questions, sometimes even indicating the approximate time they would like them answered. And, lo and behold, their vulnerable teen-age identities safe from either mockery or shame, they wait expectantly as Johanson tenderly takes yet another stray scrap of paper and reads. "*What is oral sex?*"

Then she answers, in practical terms, and with the admonition that it is something usually reserved for serious relationships, "not something you do on your first date." The response is a nervous group giggle. And so it unfolds, each ragged slip of paper another piece in the puzzle, awesome testimony to the physical and emotional terrors of being a teen-ager. "*I can't stop crying because of a broken heart.*" "*Can sperm live in the sheets?*" "*How do I know I'm in love?*" "*Without using any birth control, what are the chances she'll get pregnant?*" "*Does a girl usually feel guilty after her first experience of intercourse?*"



JOHN WILD

"*If I don't have an orgasm with one guy, does that mean I won't with any other guys?*"

The answers roll out, detailed, animated and not always from the mouth of the instructor. "*Dear Sue, my boyfriend always wants me to make love but I feel I am too young but I am afraid to tell him because I am afraid. Can you give me advice on how to tell him or what?*" Yours Truly Afraid, whoever she is, gets her answer from a more determined young female in the back row. "Tell him to hit the road."

For two hours, the discussion continues. A decade ago, in a co-educational classroom, voluntary though it is, the class would have been unthinkable. Even today, it would be barely acceptable to a hefty segment of parents who might prefer an attack of the vapors to confronting the reality of teen-age sexuality in 1980: recent surveys show that 55 per cent of teen-agers between the ages of 15 and 19 are having sexual intercourse.* And, like all the other statistics rolling out along that bleak "breakdown of society" conveyer belt, this one adds a fresh reason for some to wonder what happened to the good old days and others to ponder with alarm the future. Just as the rest of our fragile social structure—the family, the role of women, sexual gender itself—is in upheaval, so too are adolescents in the crucible. The heat is on, as they are being forced to face at an earlier age the decision to become sexually active. And the ramifications, from the obvious one of pregnancy to the much more subtle emotional implications, can be anguish for them and concern among the entire community that supports them.

Social scientists still may be debating whether there *was* a sexual revolution (or, indeed, whether we're now returning to so-called traditional values), but along the way the idea that premarital sex for teen-agers is a no-no has disappeared. Now, says Professor Edward Herold, a teacher of family studies at the University of Guelph who has spent the past seven years studying adolescent sexuality, "the only question left about premarital sex is not whether, but when—and with whom." North York's Johanson, who lectures 8,000 teen-agers a year about sex, agrees. "There is no question that they're getting into sex earlier. Eight years ago, the common age for starting to have sexual intercourse was 18, now it is more common at 16 and not uncommon at 14."

The majority of teen-agers do not

**Since Canada is not in the forefront of research into teen sexuality, most statistics are American. However, Canadian authorities say the situation here closely parallels the American one.*

consider sex in itself a priority. They choose to experience sex in the context of a romantic, committed relationship (which, in teen-age terms, could be anything that survives both the week of exams and the winter break). Most teens trying sex for the first time are not under 15, and the average length of time they engage in intercourse *without contraception* is from four to six months. Which is all anyone really needs to know to understand that all teen-age sex, whether it's romantic or sordid, 13-year-old or 19-year-old, back-seat-of-the-car or front-room-while-the-parents-are-in-Florida, is still, even now, leading to the same dreary end. Only in 1980 it is magnified to greater proportions: 1,000 teen-age pregnancies a week in Canada. Many of Canada's estimated 100 birth control and counselling clinics report that the average teen-age pregnancy age is 16 and that the most rapidly rising number of abortions is being performed on that same age group. Despite the often heart-breaking attempts of educators, family-practice physicians and birth control counsellors, teen-agers are still refusing to take that step between the cup and the lip called contraception.

Their reasons for not doing so vary from a lack of direct, practical knowledge of how to obtain birth control (i.e. the clinic is open from noon until 8 p.m., take bus No. 43 and get off at ...) to the misguided but romantic notion that sex, at least for the first time, should be a natural, "spontaneous" affair. To which Corinne Devlin, assistant professor of obstetrics and gynecology at Hamilton's McMaster University, grumbles, "I can't think of a single act that is less spontaneous than sexual intercourse."

It might be considered social foreplay. Daughters, with their mothers' approval, get perfumed, powdered, bathed and oiled, turned into perfect walking imitations of Farrah or whoever happens to be this year's pubic crave. Sons, with their fathers' sly wink, get the car, the beer and the perfect music for the tape deck. "Now surely the next step would be to grab



Peeling off the labels

Ann-Marie: Kathy, if he loves you, say no—he'll understand. Okay, this weekend, will you go somewhere with me?
Kathy: Where?
Ann-Marie: The clinic.
Kathy: No way. Why should I have to go? I'm not pregnant.
Ann-Marie: The idea is to go there before you're pregnant.
—Dialogue between teen-agers in the birth control documentary *Taking Chances*

Whether it's a storefront setting in St. John's, Newfoundland, an informal old building staffed by a psychologist in Montreal or an "alternative" agency catering to transient youth in Vancouver or Toronto, most teen-agers prefer to get their birth control counselling from clinics instead of their family doctors. The reason is as obvious as the teen-age girl who told Montreal counsellor Françoise Caron of "Head and Hands": "Give me an IUD. That way, Mummy won't find it."

They stare at the posters on the wall (LOVE IS A FOURTEEN-LETTER WORD—FAMILY PLANNING); they pick up the pamphlets ("It's okay to say no way") and they nervously wait their turn. "This is where a service like ours is so important," says Guril Nimrod of The Montreal Youth Clinic. "We help them make informed, intelligent decisions in a confidential atmosphere."

There are about 100 birth control clinics across Canada, most of them in the major cities. In Newfoundland, which has one of the highest rates of teen-age pregnancy in Canada, there is only one. "Our confidentiality is so important in a community as small as Newfoundland where everyone talks about everyone else," says May Johnson of Planned Parenthood's family planning centre in downtown St. John's. The clinic has seen 10,000 patients in 2½ years of operation but faces funding problems and will have to shut down next year if assistance is not forthcoming from the provincial government. As in many of the smaller places, part of the reason for money problems is stiff community resistance to the idea of a birth control clinic—which many people equate automatically with abortion. "Really, we do the least amount of work in that area, and much prefer to catch them in the family planning stage, before it's too late," says Johnson.

Especially in the Atlantic provinces, family planning agencies must face the fact that most public opinion is dead set against abortion. Says Johnson: "If you go into a hospital here for one, you'll be labelled for life. So many pregnant teen-age girls pick up the telephone and make desperate inquiries in Toronto and Montreal. Counsellors there arrange to have them flown out and booked into major hospitals. Sometimes they are sent to border-state cities like Boston. "Tell your sister she'll need $300," said one Toronto counsellor long-distance to a distraught Halifax girl.

Predictably, Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver, the major urban centres, offer the widest range of clinics, some of them especially geared for teen-agers. In contrast, provincial health officials in Saskatchewan are not convinced clinics can solve their pregnancy problems. "We're too rural a setting for clinics to work," says Meridith Moore, provincial family planning co-ordinator. "We've got to come up with more creative ways to sell teen-agers on contraception." Someone in the department actually suggested a commission system for teen-agers who get others interested in contraception.

Most clinics are reporting more teen-age clients—"Now does that mean they're getting into sex younger or seeking birth control sooner?" mused Marcena Levine of Vancouver Planned Parenthood—and more young couples who are coming in together. "We encourage that," she says. Young men seem to be taking more responsibility now and asking interesting questions. "Teen-age boys are also concerned about the effects the birth control pill might have on their girlfriends," says Newfoundland's May Johnson. "We encourage the use of condoms and foam. That way they're both taking part and they're forced to communicate about it." Still, a recent study of 97 high-school boys by Edward Herold at the University of Guelph shows that boys rarely venture into a clinic alone seeking advice—despite the fact that in the first experience with intercourse it is usually the boy who must assume responsibility for contraception. In their first encounters, only 25 per cent of the boys in the study depended on their partners for birth control; of the others, 21 per cent used condoms, 18 per cent chanced withdrawal and 36 per cent used nothing at all.

There isn't a birth control counsellor in the country whose vision of a far, far better world does not include sex education—more, better and beginning as early as the primary grades. Says Marcena Levine in Vancouver: "It's so depressing that people still think sex education will lead to promiscuity. There is a direct connection between kids who are educated about sex and who can talk to their parents about it, and kids who start having it at a later age and use contraception when they do." J.T.



DICK GREEN

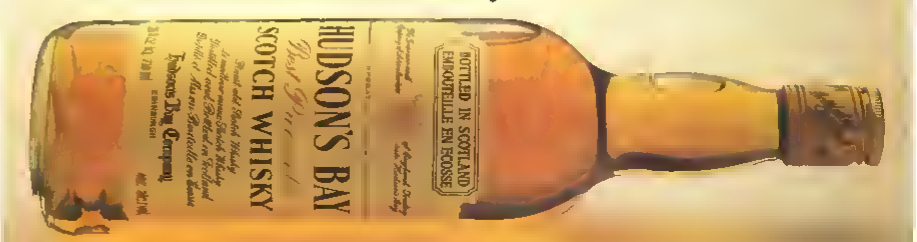
Johnson with patient (above), Kathy and Ann-Marie portrayed in 'Taking Chances' (below) a vision of a far better world

DOUGLAS WEBB

the foam and the condoms and go," says Devlin. But that is the step that is seldom taken, and to understand why, even if birth control were dispensed from the school water fountain, some needy teen-agers wouldn't drink, is to delve into both the delicate nuances of adolescent development and the contradictions rampant in a society of adults who do "it" without talking about it, promote it without explaining it and then turn to the products of their own sexual union, their children, and, in the words of teen sex authority Shirley Wheatley of Toronto's Planned Parenthood, "make them feel so goddamn guilty they won't even admit that's what they're doing, not even to themselves."

In turn, for young teen-agers, establishing sexuality is such a profound step toward independence, toward actually breaking away from hearth and home, that discussing it with their parents is the last thing on earth they really want to do. "I just wish my mom would be more open with me about it," said one 16-year-old girl before going on to state, without being aware of the contradiction, "Well, if I *were* going to have sex, I'd go to a clinic; no way I'd face my mom with that information." Parents, says Gloria Torrance, family education specialist for the Toronto board of education, "mustn't feel bad if their kids

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won't talk to them about it." Her colleague Al Quance, who helps instruct other teachers about sex education, admits with chagrin: "I can lecture about sex to 30 students but I have trouble talking about it with my own kids. My 13-year-old just doesn't want to hear it."

Parent reactions range from the mother who finds her daughter's birth control pills tucked in her drawer, confiscates them and then phones up the birth control clinic to scream: "You've turned my daughter into a whore!" (often the same mother who shows up at the clinic the following month with a pregnant daughter on her hands), to a liberated father like Jim Frame of Thornhill, Ont., who stood up recently at a public forum and announced: "I hope I speak for other parents when I say my reaction to finding birth control pills in my 17-year-old daughter's drawer would be one of relief. Parents aren't all that sorry to hear their kid is sexually active. What really is the crusher is finding out she's pregnant." Then there is the mother somewhere in between who feels that if she broached the subject, "My two youngest girls would run screaming out of the room. And the oldest one, well, at 18 I'm just assuming she knows." That mother keeps her fingers crossed. And what it all means is that both sides are up against it in 1980—the children who are becoming sexually active at an earlier age and the parents who, involved or not, walk the tightrope with them. Says the Calgary board of education's Barbara MacDougall, in charge of family life education: "This is probably the hardest day and age in which to be a parent. That's why we say to them, 'Sex education has got to be a shared responsibility.'"

In Toronto last year, after talking with a cross section of adolescents, the Planned Parenthood association gave them what they asked for: Love Line, a confidential telephone counselling service on birth control and relationships. Love Line gets 1,000 calls a month. In

COURTESY PLANNED PARENTHOOD





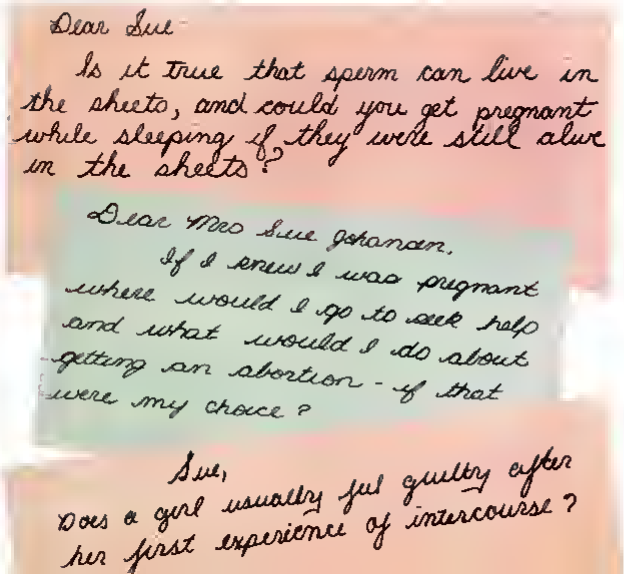
STEVE BEHAL



ERIC HAYES

Johanson (left), anonymous letters (below) and birth control poster (below left), through the valley of the shadow of sex

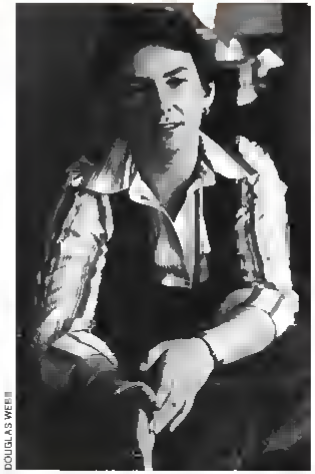
Alberta, the Calgary board of education participated in a controversial seven-school survey of teen-agers' sexual habits. In Saskatchewan, the provincial health department will release a study in May that, despite revealing that rural Saskatchewan teen-agers are slightly more conservative than their more urbanized counterparts, "is going to curl some eyebrows," says a health department spokesman. And last January, independent producer Marilyn Belec's *"Taking Chances"*, a dramatised documentary about the reasons kids avoid using birth control, drew an unexpectedly large crowd of 750 to the Ontario Science Centre in Toronto for a preview and panel discussion. The film, which uses real teen-agers talking in their own words about sex, has won awards and has been sold across Canada and in several other countries to



schools, clinics and even to the United Church, which plans to use it in youth discussion groups. By international standards it is tame but, says Belec, "it has to be, to get through that smoke screen of parents and schools and eventually reach kids."

Clearly, in recent years, teen sexuality as a hot topic has acquired the same sociological cachet as gay rights or broken marriages. Public posturing about the subject has been so extravagant that one 16-year-old Toronto schoolgirl reacted plaintively: "When I read the papers about it I get confused because none of my friends are doing it." It may have peaked last year, when newspaper headlines in Canada ran the gamut from the *Toronto Star*'s VIRGINITY MAKING A COMEBACK to *The Vancouver Sun*'s SEX INCREASES AMONG EARLY TEENS. The truth is infinitely more startling, if one is to use as any sort of indicator such service-oriented features as the *Toronto Star*'s Youth Clinic, a panel of experts dishing out daily advice. "We had sex, now he likes my sister," wrote one 14-year-old, while a nine-year-old girl confessed her boy-friend wanted her to "go all the way." He was 10. "Any 10-year-old boy who wants you to have sex with him is not your best friend," came back the stern response.

In centuries past, 12- and 13-year-olds were regarded as fully functioning adults. Shakespeare's Juliet, after all, was only 13. But today, regardless of the fact that puberty for both boys and girls arrives at an average age of 12.5, there is a collective societal wince at the prospect of tender 13- and 14-year-olds, some of whom cannot be relied upon to make their own beds, grappling with the mysteries and responsibilities of



DOUGLAS WEBB

sex. Innocence defiled has held its particular horror for every society, but perhaps it is more poignant still in a world where adults, twisting and turning in the winds of their own sexual and social change, "revolutionize" sex, make it a common commodity, and then watch, dismayed, as their children go them one better.

At the Bay Centre for Birth Control in downtown Toronto, Dr. Jaga Iwanowska volunteers what she calls a little horror story. "There was a 13-year-old girl who had her eye on the skateboard of a male classmate. She asked to borrow it and finally he said, 'All right, come over to my place after school.' When she got there, he said, 'You can have the skateboard but first there's something I want you to do for me.' Now, she's pregnant."

It is girls like these, whatever their age, who are having sex for the wrong reasons—for affection they can't get at home, because they don't know any better, because they're pressured, or because they've never had a turn on such a neat skateboard before—who most worry birth control counsellors. They, of course, only have access to them after the damage is done, when it's too late for a leisurely philosophical chat about values.

Sacks counselling (above), Dora (below left) a war against middle-class values

What is puzzling and ultimately disappointing to many female birth control counsellors is that the past decade of feminism has not resulted in more assertive young females. They may be paying their way more on dates, but they're still paying it in the backseat, although some girls, especially older ones, think there has been some progress. "Boys don't *use* girls sexually anymore," asserts Nancy Davies, an 18-year-old senior at Toronto's Victoria Park Secondary School. "Nobody uses anybody." The confusion for girls has intensified now that they have two oppressive stereotypes to contend with: the nice girl who doesn't and the liberated girl who does. Boys, on the other hand, are caught in another bind: they're expected, almost by osmosis, to know everything there is to know about sex, and then they get their knuckles rapped for being sexual predators. Said one 17-year-old boy after sleeping with

his girl-friend for the first time. "I felt guiltier than she did." In Newfoundland, one teen-age boy actually threw up after seeing the movie *"Taking Chances"* because, says St. John's birth control counsellor May Johnson, "he was so upset about the risks he'd already taken." And an Ontario boy, 17, who had accidentelly made his girl-friend pregnant when the condom they were using broke (she got an abortion) said he agonized with a male friend who had gotten *his* girl-friend pregnant (she had the baby and gave it up). "We sat around over a beer and said, 'What's wrong with us anyway?'" Often it's that much harder for boys to get the answers. "We spend so much time worrying about the girls that sometimes we do the boys a disservice by ignoring their needs for counselling," says Iwanowska. And *both* sexes are continually confronting the double-standard problem—girls still may be labelled "sluts" for sleeping around.

For male or female, the emotional baggage of becoming sexually active—especially when piled atop the other concerns of a teen-ager in school—can be overwhelming. "That's why we try to let them know it's perfectly okay not to want to have sex," says Love Line counsellor Fran Agnew. "Sometimes you can hear the sigh of relief at the other end of the phone." Often, though, obsessed as adolescents are with not being different, they are just not convinced it's okay to say no. After all, that's not the message they receive a thousand different ways a day. A media smorgesbord that includes the sexual simpering of television sitcoms such as *Three's Company* and *WKRP in Cincinnati*, the stunningly provocative photographic poses of the world's oldest 14-year-old, Brooke Shields, and that latest entry in the amorality-can-be-fun sweepstakes, the movie *American Gigolo* (available to anyone who looks 18)—wherein an elegant Lauren Hutton, raising one perfectly manicured fingernail, murmurs to Richard Gers, "How much, for just one *t*—?"—has reinforced what McMaster's Devlin calls "the coitus fetish." The heavy message, for adulte and children alike, is that if you're not doing it, you're not in the mainstream. And now Hollywood, having created the climate, is moving to exploit it, introducing teen sex as a major movie theme in 1980, with Tatum O'Neal trying to lose her virginity in *Little Darlings* and Jodie Foster and three girl-friends mooning over boys in *Foxes*.

Naturelly, the younger the recipient of all this sexual hype, the more confused and vulnerable



Davies (left) and Jones... on and off for two years

he or she will be, and more vulnerable still if there is a shaky domestic situation—warring parents, poverty or no communication among family members—with the result, says Devlin, "that we have all these overstimulated sitting ducks getting terribly hurt."

For young girls who explore sex before they're ready, the potential is great for it to be unsatisfying, deeply disappointing and, of course, fraught with guilt. (And that's without a pregnancy.) One birth control counsellor tells of the 15-year-old who came in, got the pill, and then came back a month later and said in a tiny voice, "Well it wasn't the bridal suite at the Royal York." Their own dreams of love and romance get shattered, and some of it has to do with the wildly diverging male-female sexual fantasies at that age. Says Sue Johanson: "Girls fantasize candlelight, wine, and the boy saying, 'I love you, I want you.' Boys fantasize penis in vagina. Quick." As a result, says Love Line's Agnew, "you get ignorant boys with frightened, unaroused girls." But emotions aside, Dr. Diane Sacks, a highly respected pediatrician and teen specialist who runs the adolescent clinic at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, says she is not convinced "these kids, medically or physically, are going to be any worse for having sex at 14 if they're ready."

Other birth control counsellors worry about teen-agers becoming sexually jaded. Says Vicki Kelman of Toronto's Hassle Free Clinic: "So they get to be 18 or 19 and they've had so many partners. They've still had lousy sex. They're still not talking about what they want, so there's not much chance they're going to enjoy it. I find their attitude toward sex really sad. They just don't expect much."

The opposite side of that coin is those with unrealistic expectations, which is just another route to that same tarnished end. Sue Johanson, who also runs a birth control clinic at Don Mills Collegiate Institute twice a week, reports a teen-age obsession with performance. "Orgasm is the big thing now. Everyone's got to have one." If anyone doubts the ongoing grown-up fixation on "the big O" has filtered down ludicrously to the children, one need only come across a letter like this in the North York high school's question box: *"I have never climaxed in my whole life. I am 16 more or less."*

While it may be stating the obvious that sex for the average fumbling 15-year-old is probably, at the outset, not a whole lot of fun, counsellors in clinics keep on the lookout for young girls who find it downright painful—a sure indication they have been pressured into it. Still, Michele Dore, a counsellor at the Toronto Birth Control and VD Information Centre who is herself a single mother, intent on waging her own little war against what she sees as middle-class values, says she is encountering "a lot more teen-age girls who are having better sex lives. I try to ask them if they're having fun. Ten years ago, you wouldn't have been able to ask the question."

Dore is uneasy about an educational system that because of moral imperatives neglects to help children solve their sexual dilemmas. One girl, a 15-year-old who is just starting to worry about her strong sexual drive, said dispiritedly about the education offered in her Toronto high school: "I think it sucks. Our health teacher, she doesn't seem very comfortable with the subject at all. She told us all about birth control and then basically said, 'Don't.'" Counters Dore: "If they're so concerned about pregnancy, why don't they teach teens more about oral sex and mutual masturbation? Why don't mothers teach their daughters to masturbate?"

The quality of sex education in schools across the country fluctuates wildly, from nonexistent, as in some parts of British Columbia, to "50-year-old Ms. What's-her-name with a thousand hang-ups," as one doctor put it, to the rare group talk sessions of the quality of Sue Johanson's. Victoria Park students Nancy Davies and Ian Jones, who are both 18 and have been going out together on and off for the past two years, find the volunteer class compelling "even though the stuff we talk about is sometimes for younger kids." Jones and Davies both feel their junior-high counterparts are going to need that kind of instruction sooner even than they did. "You should see them during their lunch hours," says Jones. "They're all over each other. Very intense."

Just as sex education varies, so does the response of family practitioners and birth control counsellors to the issue of young sex. While one female doctor bemoans "the little, *little* girls who come in for counselling, the kind you want to take home and tuck into bed," Dore (who appears in the film *"Taking Chances"*) argues, "That's exactly what we're working toward." She seethes at the number of 14-year-olds "who are given a moral lecture and told to come back later." One recent federal government survey shows that fully one-third of Canada's doctors feel uneasy dispensing birth control to girls under 17. This can be dangerous discouragement for girls and boys who have nervously decided to become "responsible" about sex. Says Toronto's Iwanowska: "It takes a lot of guts to come in here and

STEVE BISHAL

Portrait of a C.G.A.



Harvey Gilmour, C.G.A.
Manager, Financial Planning - Ancillary Operations, University of Western Ontario

In providing a total financial service in his particular area, Harvey Gilmour uses a combination of technical, managerial, analytical and human relations skills. Week after week he is called upon to discuss and explain budgets, operating reports, financial analyses and feasibility studies in meetings with unit managers, students, faculty and Senate committees. He is keenly aware of the needs of the University community and familiar with all aspects of its operations. His major daily contacts are with other senior officers. Away from the office, Harvey enjoys activities such a golf, bridge, gardening and woodworking ... and still finds time for a bit of private consulting and tax work. His career is satisfying. It all adds up.

Harvey Gilmour is a Certified General Accountant (C.G.A.)

CGA

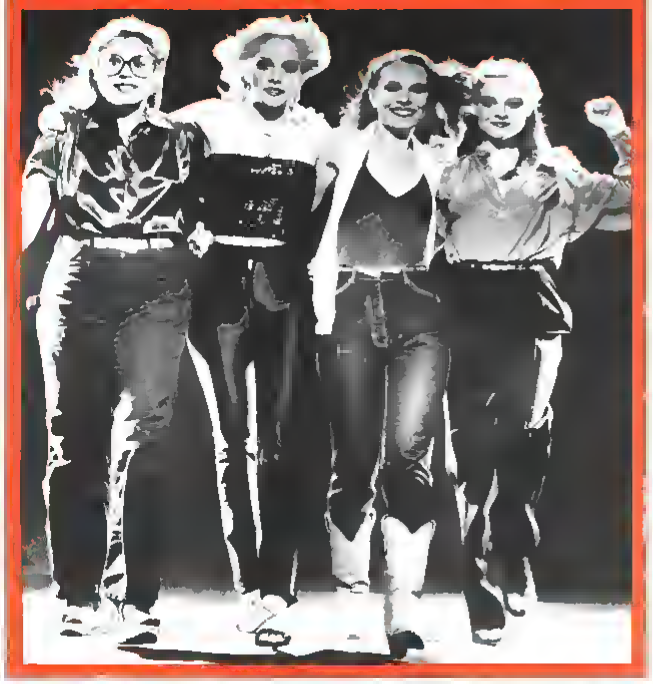
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Foster (right) and friends in 'Foxes'—'all these overstimulated sitting ducks'

ask for the pill. My feeling is that anyone who does should jolly well get it."

Apart from continuing uncertainty about the possible side effects of long-term pill use, doctors are still debating other potential physical ramifications of early sex, one of which is a suspected link between sex with multiple partners at an earlier age and the increased risk of cervical cancer. As well, there is the spectre of venereal disease, while it has reached epidemic status in the homosexual community (and homosexuality, in high schools, is about as far into the closet as it could get), it is not yet spiralling wildly among teen-agers—perhaps because they tend not to favor one-night stands. But all the same, say many counsellors, the danger of VD provides more justification for urging teens to use contraceptives, including condoms, and to "know their partners."

The medical jury may still be out on most of the ramifications of early sex, but there is no disagreement that the most obvious—teen-age pregnancy—is an unmitigated disaster, whatever the outcome. One of the most frustrating encounters counsellors are having is with the young girl who comes in for a pregnancy test, finds out she's lucky enough not to be pregnant and *still* refuses to discuss birth control, assuring the clinic she won't do it again." Surprisingly, counsellors report that a young girl's first reaction to being told she is pregnant is not always horror. Says Heather Sant, a counsellor at Downsview, Ontario's Youth Clinic: "Some of them don't want to talk about abortion, they just want to go home and cuddle it." How, then, to break through to them? "I usually ask them what they're going to call the baby," says Honey Kerr-Went, director of the Downsview clinic.

While teen-age pregnancies being carried to term (with children keeping their children) are showing up as a trend in the American middle class, there is yet to be much evidence of that syndrome in Canada. Says the Hospital for Sick Children's Sacks: "There is still only a hard core, from a deprived socioeconomic background, who are getting pregnant mainly because they want to." Ninety per cent of them are keeping their babies. But for the majority of pregnant teen-agers, especially in the suburbs, abortion remains the only real solution. That's a far cry from even a decade ago when, before abortion was legal, a high-school girl might be scarred for life—physically and emotionally—by an illegal abortion. One Toronto high school girl says that, when she confessed to a close male friend that she had begun sleeping with her boy-friend, she was touched when "he offered to put $300 in the bank for safekeeping, just in case I needed an abortion." And, while the reactions of the girls to their abortions vary with the individual, Sacks says they don't seem to be as profoundly traumatized as one might expect or, if they are, it is more with the general idea of facing surgery than it is with the moral or emotional implications of aborting. Sacks tells of a female colleague in her 30s who, because of a medical complication, went for an abortion she didn't want only to find the hospital waiting room filled with gum-popping, wise-cracking teen-agers treating the occasion as "nothing profound, just a drag." It depressed her.

"Why can't we teach our children to negotiate sexual relationships the way we teach them to drive a car?" wonders McMaster's Devlin. The truth may well turn out to be that while most adults, with practice, can manage a three-point turn or a parallel parking job, few are as open and communicative with their own partners about sexual and emotional matters as their children may well turn out to be. A decade ago, few adults—and certainly few teen-agers—talked about "having a relationship." Today, children seem as hungry to talk about relationship values and ethics as their parents are for self-help books. And while traditionalists—or even the mildly conservative—are appalled at the level of self-indulgence in a society in which emotional angst and relentless introspection threaten to become a middle-class sport, there are still legitimate needs to be met. As one 16-year-old girl pleads: "Don't forget about feelings. They're a lot more important than anyone seems to let on. That's what we want to talk about." Damnation having been preached to no avail, the new emphasis is on communication. From "*Taking Chances*", from Love Line counsellors, from doctors and teachers, the main message coming through is one that, when it comes to sex, renders teen-agers no different from their parents: if you can't talk about it, you shouldn't be doing it. It's a simple slogan. But followed, it could really revolutionize sex.



STEVE REMAL

Books

A story of bombs and lovers

VIDA
by Marge Piercy
(Musson $16.95)

To judge by the number of recent books and movies on the politics of relationships, social history has shrunk to the size of a double bed. What is real happens between people, what is political happens in the background, as mise-en-scène. "It's a political film," we say, conjuring up images of crowd scenes and subtitles. "A love story" is how we describe a book in which two people form their own republic. However in *Vida*, her sixth novel, American writer and radical Marge Piercy has erased the line between the two—love and politics are inextricable. This makes for more passionate history and more interesting romance.

Vida is a woman who was a leader of the antiwar movement in the '60s until she was forced underground. "She had been in the forefront of a movement that had blown away. Now she simply survived." The novel begins with Vida constantly on the run, moving from one refuge to another on her way to a political reunion with other survivors of the radical network. There is none of the self-pity, nostalgia or moral superiority that might drag down a partisan book about the '60s—although Piercy is completely partisan.

Vida's vast family—the lovers and friends with whom she worked back in the "wildly democratic" days of 1967—are now either in jail, settled down in jobs or scattered through the underground, connected by pay phones and helpful strangers. Her isolation is nearly complete by the time she meets a fellow fugitive, Joel, and falls in love. Joel is a young man and an army deserter; for him the statelessness of life underground is almost normal. But Vida has a longer history and an unshakable sense of consequence. Once she believed her actions might change history. Now everything she does is a matter of self-preservation. Despite her armor of vigilance, she falls in love without reserve. There is, after all, a certain similarity between getting close to a lover and tiptoeing into the lobby of a corporation with a bomb ticking in a briefcase—and Vida is good at both. In the course of telling Joel about her past, the novel moves from 1967 to now, from the New Left through feminism to the present, whatever that is.

As Vida tells it, her history is not the rise and fall of ideas but an ordinary sequence of meals cooked, battles fought, exhaustion, calls home. No feminist hindsight obscures the memory of men Vida fell in love with in the days when radical girl-friends wore white lipstick and cleaned up after meetings. Piercy doesn't defend, explain or apologize (in fact the lack of any real political analysis makes it as naïve as the time it chronicles), she just does a remarkable job of remembering what a certain time was like and what it felt like to live through it. Political ideas have no more weight in Vida's life than an argument with a lover or a struggle with a valued friend. It all counts. Vida seems to act out of a single, expansive emotion, which can be turned toward a man, a woman, a country.

Oddly enough, though, this unwavering commitment comes off almost as a lack of growth. The novel begins by sounding ferociously adult and then seems to get stuck in a kind of prolonged, suspenseful adolescence. A fugitive feeling haunts the book. Just as Vida's husband liked to drink expensive wine out of plastic cups, Piercy's impatient style suggests that novel-writing is not entirely useful or respectable. Her sense of truth is stern, almost the enemy of fiction's amoral seduction, nothing takes the foreground, as if the whole book stands in relation to something that has yet to happen. It looks backward and forward, braced for a future that may engage Vida again, but sometimes the feeling of exile is all too pervasive, chilling the reader as well.

Marni Jackson



ROBERT M. SHAPIRO



ELLEN OHLBERG

Piercy, French (inset): from the New Left through feminism to the present

Poof, out go the men, poor things

THE BLEEDING HEART
by Marilyn French
(Musson $16.95)

A novel. A bad one. A novel of commas—thinking, feeling (oh God, which is which?), typing, writing, suffering, blaming men, blaming Anthony that bastard, drinking scotch (too

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much scotch) and falling in love with what's-his-name. It's like a long ride in a cab with a sticky accelerator and a driver who doesn't know your address.

This is a new book by Marilyn French, author of *The Women's Room*, and it brings out a mean streak because it's a mean-spirited novel, lighting shaky little birthday-candle characters just long enough to make a wish and blow them out. Poof, out go the men, poor things. *The Women's Room* was rooted in perfect, Gothic, domestic detail, and a lot of angry, housebound women were moved by it. *The Bleeding Heart* is the same book, stripped of its realism and horribly disguised as a love story.

In a kind of feminist *Last Tango in Oxford*, a woman in her 40s, Dolores, falls in love with an American businessman, Victor, when his painful eyes meet hers in a railway car in England. They go to bed. "I specialize in grief," confides Dolores all too soon, proceeding to fence in her passion for him with hours and hours of talk. Dolores pleads permanent character deformation as a result of the sexual wars, and it's sad to see French unable to focus on anyone but her self-pitying heroine. Everyone talks the same, except Victor's daughter, who says, "you know?" a lot. There is one good, sharp fight. Otherwise this love affair is a pyjama party between a grown man and woman having a pillow fight with the past. French shouldn't have pushed herself into a love story before her heart was in the telling. All those commas eventually look like the whole book is backing up, and that's the feeling, too. **M.J.**

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

1 **Smiley's People, *Le Carré* (1)**
2 **Princess Daisy, *Krantz* (2)**
3 **The Devil's Alternative, *Forsyth* (5)**
4 **Life Before Man, *Atwood* (9)**
5 **Spirit Wrestler, *Houston* (6)**
6 **The Bourne Identity, *Ludlum***
7 **The Last Enchantment, *Stewart* (7)**
8 **A Right Honourable Lady, *LaMarsh* (4)**
9 **The Top of the Hill, *Shaw* (3)**
10 **The Bleeding Heart, *French***

NONFICTION

1 **The Brethren, *Woodward/Armstrong* (7)**
2 **And No Birds Sang, *Mowat* (2)**
3 **Preparing Your Income Tax Returns, *Lachance/Erika***
4 **Blue-Eyed Sheiks, *Foster* (3)**
5 **Donahue, My Own Story, *Donahue & Co.***
6 **How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation, *Shulman* (10)**
7 **The Delaney Report on RRSPs, *Delaney* (1)**
8 **The Fourth Man, *Boyle* (4)**
9 **White House Years, *Kissinger* (8)**
10 **Free to Choose, *Friedman***

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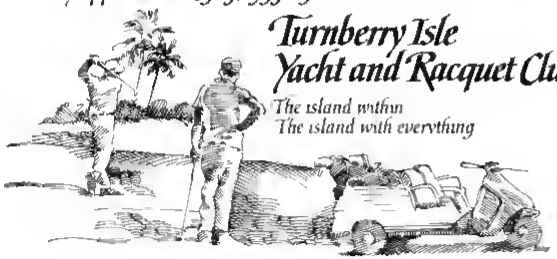
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A class act—almost



BRIAN WILDER, MACLEAN'S

There are very few cliches left in Canada, most of them having been used up last week at the First Annual Genie Awards at Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theatre. Canadian clichés they were too, orbiting the tired and insufferable question of Canadian content and identity. Named best actress for *Meatballs*, Kate Lynch lamented the lack of lead roles for Canadian actresses, following her, Christopher Plummer, best actor for *Murder by Decree*, threw a spanner into the evening's self-congratulation and paranoid nationalistic whining by suggesting that *it doesn't matter* whether a film is "Canadian or Samothracian." There's a certain gracelessness in being given an award and then sulking about it publicly. Plummer, who has obviously outgrown the short-pants, Canadian, insular world view, was a breath of fresh air.

Similar to the Academy Awards, the Genies, voted by the members of the industry who make up the Academy of Canadian Cinema, are a laudable attempt to make Canadians aware of movies made in Canada. *The Changeling*, a modern ghost story, took eight awards for best picture, best foreign actor (George C. Scott), best foreign actress (Trish Van Devere), adapted screenplay, art direction, cinematography and two for sound. Yet nobody has seen it except industry insiders. Part of the fun in watching an awards show (the Genies were telecast live by the CBC) is having favorites, betting on them, having foreknowledge of what's nominated and what isn't. Gordon Pinsent's best supporting actor win for *Jack London's Klondike Fever*, as well as a majority of the nominees, didn't mean much to the home audience in many parts of Canada. How could they? The Academy plans next year to resolve that, and they'd better start hopping it if they want to drum up interest in the movies they are honoring.

The industry itself could generate a little more generosity: the wonderful *The Rubber Gun*, a low-budget movie made in Montreal, was almost left out of the nominations and lost the original screenplay award to that superb literary achievement, *Meatballs*. Can't the industry find it within itself to honor a fine movie made on nothing more than boundless talent and tenacity? Those gifts—and not slick, technical savvy (which can be *learned*)—may be counted upon a great deal more, further down the road. The French entries—isn't there enough trouble in the country as it is?—were all but snubbed, a token award for costume design was given Jean Beaudin's *Cordelia*. We all know of the French facility with fashion. How crassly condescending—not aided at all by Richard Gabourie's attempt to make a joke out of his inability to pronounce the names of French nominees.

All was not unfair. *Murder By Decree* took a well-deserved five wins. Plummer, Geneviève Bujold as best supporting actress, Bob Clark as best director, and awards for music and editing. But the awards show itself, with Bruno Gerussi as the host with the least, seemed an extravaganza conceived by Gilda Radner's Emily Latella for the benefit of an elementary school. A champagne reception before the awards had the glitz and glam the Genies need, and the stars turned out in relative force—Jack Lemmon, Donald Sutherland, Helen Shaver, Margot Kidder, Lee Majors, Céline Lomez. But a dinner held afterward at Ed's Warehouse, the kind of place patronized by visiting dignitaries from Buffalo, was hardly a class act.

Now that the Canadian film industry is busy with product, and now that it has an organization to show off and recognize its talent, does it seem too much to ask that its members desist from their jingoistic tirades? The Canadian film industry has grown up in the past few years, it seems only reasonable that it act its age. **Lawrence O'Toole**



Plummer, Lomez, Majors (left), the Genie Award and, from the top, winners Clark, Lynch and Scott, show for primary school

A slurpy soft focus on the '60s

A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS
Directed by Rob Cohen

The '60s, in this stunningly naïve but engagingly anecdotal portrait of three people who moved through that turbulent time, becomes a decade viewed through a Fantasy Finder—rofulness, using the veins in his neck to act. And the concept of making this kind of movie is all too painfully promising. By giving it a *Breakfast at Tiffany's* gloss (a candlelight dinner on a roof overlooking Boston, Nick romantically chasing Jessica in a cab during time-present and both of them remembering time-past), you feel like asking "Where's Holly Golightly's no-name cat?" There is an answer: the cat has turned into a hamster named Leo (no



Parker, Allan, Davis: recall 'free love'

manticized beyond belief, recognition and, finally, endurance. The script by Ezra Sacks includes every piece of nostalgic iconography available—Vietnam War protest, dope, head shops, what used to be called "free love," an induction scene, terrorism, hippiedom, the genesis of feminism, *The Graduate* playing in a theatre—and gives them a self-important, slurpy soft focus. *A Small Circle of Friends* is the first movie made expressly, if somewhat ingenuously, for conservative, successful professionals in their 30s who can look back and say, "My, how quaint!" and "Am I glad I stuck to the status quo!" Set at Harvard to lend itself a little glamor, it's as truthful as another movie set at Harvard way back in 1970, called *Love Story*.

Times have changed though, and now coitus on campus involves a threesome. Jessica Bloom (no doubt related to Molly), played by Karen Allen, is the beautiful, burgeoning feminist who is the Rock of Gibraltar for the two men: Leo DaVinci (seriously), played by Brad Davis, is the scattered, volatile one who wants to write for *The New York Times*; Nick (Jameson Parker) is the solid one whose idea of radicalism is to grow a beard. True to the form of Screenwriting 101, they, uh, live, love and learn together.

The three actors are likable and keep the movie going, though Davis (*Midnight Express*) has a tendency for tearlie) who keeps running and running. This is known as character development. Hijinks, such as a fake bomb scare to get Leo out of the draft, trivialize an entire era, a context the movie merely employs to buttress its romantic imagery. In its own, small, unconscious way *A Small Circle of Friends* trivializes history, a history of only 10 years or so ago. It's some feat.

Lawrence O'Toole

Sex, summer and smokes

LITTLE DARLINGS
Directed by Ronald F. Maxwell

Angel Bright (Kristy McNichol) is a tough little cookie. Cursea come casually to her and she has a healthy contempt for the silliness of most girls her age. She's 15, not very well schooled and essentially naïve, when she takes on a bet at summer camp to lose her virginity before rich kid Ferris Whitney (Tatum O'Neal), she discovers, in a much more touching way than the actual script of *Little Darlings* can ever begin to suggest, how rocky a rite of passage can be. Kristy McNichol, of television's *Family*, gives Angel a soft, sure glow. As she lets cigarette smoke breeze nonchalantly out of the side of her mouth she's as sexy as summer clothes. Angel is very much in touch with what she feels—McNichol digs deep into reserves of character to find a plane of emotion that everybody, not just teen-agers, can become totally wrapped up in. It's a fully rounded portrait—a honey of a performance.

Otherwise *Little Darlings* is a pleasant enough diversion, filled with amiable antics and the poignant anticipations of young girls. "They'll never grow," mourns one girl, stuffing tissue down her front. "No wonder," replies another, "you're smothering them." The girls hurl insults, try to hide their greenness when it comes to the groin and, in one funny sequence, steal two dispensers of prophylactics from a washroom. The cast includes a know-it-all, a budding intellectual, a fattie and a health-food progeny named Sunshine who keeps offering everyone ginseng and vitamins—the gamut of adolescence according to Central Casting. *Little Darlings* is a distaff and much more tasteful version of *Meatballs* and though the jokes are hit-and-miss the movie isn't.

Its unifying force is McNichol. Her

O'Neal, McNichol: a tasteful 'Meatballs'



scenes of clumsy seduction and confused aftermath with a boy in a boathouse (the John Travolta-ish Matt Dillon) are classics in their own right, a new generation will probably remember them forever. When the focus shifts to the dreary Tatum O'Neal and her fraudulent relationship with a camp teacher (Armand Assante) you feel angry and cheated. There are a couple of scenes where McNichol could have been more restrained and, in the context of the character, less generous (possibly a fault of the director), but that's a crabby cavil. She has one disarmingly brilliant scene where she tells O'Neal about having sex for the first time and smiles keep interrupting her tears as her face brings back the boathouse scenes in rich replay. It's done with an ease and a sapience that most other actresses should pay good money to learn all about.

L.O'T.



De la Peña: should be sent to Siberia

It wasn't him—it was da faun

NIJINSKY
Directed by Herbert Ross

The ads for the lavish and Lenten-length biography of the great Russian dancer read: GENIUS. MADMAN. ANIMAL. GOD. NIJINSKY. That's quite a tall order. Does the movie deliver?

Genius. Paris, 1913—Nijinsky premiers the most brazen ballet of all time, choreographed to the most brazen music of all time, Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*. Serge Diaghilev, the iron glove behind the Ballets Russes, and Nijinsky's lover and Svengali, looks on in pain while the disgusted audience boos and throws things. The camera shows us several minutes of what is supposed to be primitive, erotic behavior but is more like something commissioned for the Queen in *Spectre of the Rose*. Nijinsky's famous leap through the window is heightened by trick photography to help the piddling efforts of George de la Peña, an unknown dancer from American Ballet Theatre who plays Nijinsky with the kind of accent for which people should be sent to Siberia.

Genius is also synonymous with heartaches and sacrifice. "Nobody," says Diaghilev (the somnolent Alan Bates) to Nijinsky as Nijinsky reaches for another chocolate, "loves a fat faun." He's referring to another of Nijinsky's shockers, *Afternoon of a Faun*, wherein the dancer wrought himself into a sexual frenzy and masturbated onstage. The world wasn't ready for that either. De la Peña seems to be attaching a fly to a reel and, visibly shaken, afterward in his dressing room reports, "It wasn't me—it was da faun." Genius, if you believe Hugh Wheeler's script, resides in a place called Snitsville. Everyone goes into snits and says such things as "You're just making this harder. Don't make it harder."

Madness. The other side of genius, according to Diaghilev. At the age of 31 Nijinsky was committed to an asylum (at which point the movie very cleverly ends) where he languished for many years. We have been alerted to this fate by Romola, who lured him away from Diaghilev and married him. "Sometimes," she informs the impressario, "he acts so strangely," referring of course to Nijinsky's near-catatonia. Romola is played by another dancer from American Ballet Theatre, Leslie Browne, who looks about five and acts her age.

Animal. See *The Rite of Spring* and *Afternoon of a Faun*. Also, note the scene in which there's a reprise of *Rite* on the sound track while Nijinsky rips the clothes off Romola and makes mad, passionate love. Animalism is also part of genius. Nijinsky was a genius because he was basically an animal.

God. "Mr. Nijinsky," says a diplomat who has been eyeing him lasciviously, "South America will become your slave." Only God can deserve a fate like that.

Nijinsky. There are sets for days and luscious locations. The tall order asked for seems to have been served up in dialogue conceived by head waiters. The only one to emerge from this expensive desecration unsullied is Alan Badel playing a tired, self-deprecating old queen who funds the Ballets Russes. "Wouldn't you know," he asks at one of Nijinsky's crises-cum-snits, "this would happen when I'm out of my peppermints?" If you must go, but only if you *must*, something for the throat is urged.

L.O'T.

The trials of a simple man

HIDE IN PLAIN SIGHT
Directed by James Caan

The true story of Thomas Hacklin, Jr., a working stiff from Buffalo who in 1967 had his children "kidnapped" by the United States government, *Hide In Plain Sight* is well-meaning, well-done, honest work, and it doesn't lay the emotions on with a trowel. Hacklin's ex-wife, now married to a mobster who turns state's witness, is sequestered with the kids in another part of the country for protection. Hacklin (James Caan), denied knowledge of or access to them, fights for them. Think of a gloveless *Rocky* crossed with *Kramer vs. Kramer*. The movie, helped immeasurably by Spencer Eastman's script, has a finely tuned ear for people who are basically inarticulate but find a way to say what they feel nonetheless, and a feel for Buffalo with all that hair in beehives and bouffants and men watching TV sports and drinking Genesee beer—this world as channelled through *Eyewitness News*. Caan's work as both director and actor is committed but at the same time restrained, and, though he lacks any sure *dramatic* sense as a director, he doesn't push the material too far either. Following the recent trend in movies, which may be a trend for the '80s, *Hide In Plain Sight* is warm and small-scale, offering the solace of the spectacle of the little man bucking the system and beating the odds. The same is, however, available somewhere other than your local theatre—it's a place called television.

L.O'T.

Column

The $1.98 Beauty Show . . . or $2.39 in Canada



By Allan Fotheringham

Regina in winter is a city of block-heaters, snow skidding horizontally across the ring road and publicity hounds masquerading as politicians. Lake Wascana, created by man to reflect the beauty of the stately legislative building, is frozen over, which means Dick Collver can walk on water. This is unusual, because ordinarily he walks on his tongue, as he did in announcing that he was renouncing the Saskatchewan Tories in favor of joining a flat-earth society dedicated to having Western Canada join the Exciting States of America.

Now, I can never understand all the bleating and moaning about script-writers, actors or whatever who feel they have to flee south of the border. If that is really their priority, we are better rid of them. It's like culling the herd. The flamboyant Mr. Collver, who actually ran the Saskatchewan Tories before he decided to fire his revolver into the sky from the balcony of his Regina townhouse last fall, is a man of strong enthusiasms and short attention spans. He lives half the time in Arizona anyway. If he would make it official and spend all his time there, keening and moping with the Goldwater Republicans who still keep America from being the last advanced country in the world to introduce medicare, he would be among more compatible philosophical playmates. His fellow provincial Tory, Dennis Ham, who has followed him into the never-never land of tin-pot independence, will not be an unforgettable loss to this country's heritage.

What is so appalling about these chaps is not their political judgment but their taste. Anyone who would seriously suggest joining a nation that can produce an Ed McMahon, an obsequious flunky who fakes laughs on television every night must be lacking in the faculty of reasoning.

It is not for me to deny Americans their pleasures, but a land that would introduce the drive-in church to history probably should be left to enjoy such innovations by itself. I don't think it fair that mere foreigners, however closely related, should be allowed to share in the experience. Roller disco? The ineffable charm of the morning game shows on TV, providing employment for female celebrities with sagging protuberances and fringe males with sagging egos, is such a unique species—like the Elgin marbles—that it should be left intact, unsullied by the touch of outsiders.



ROY PETERSON

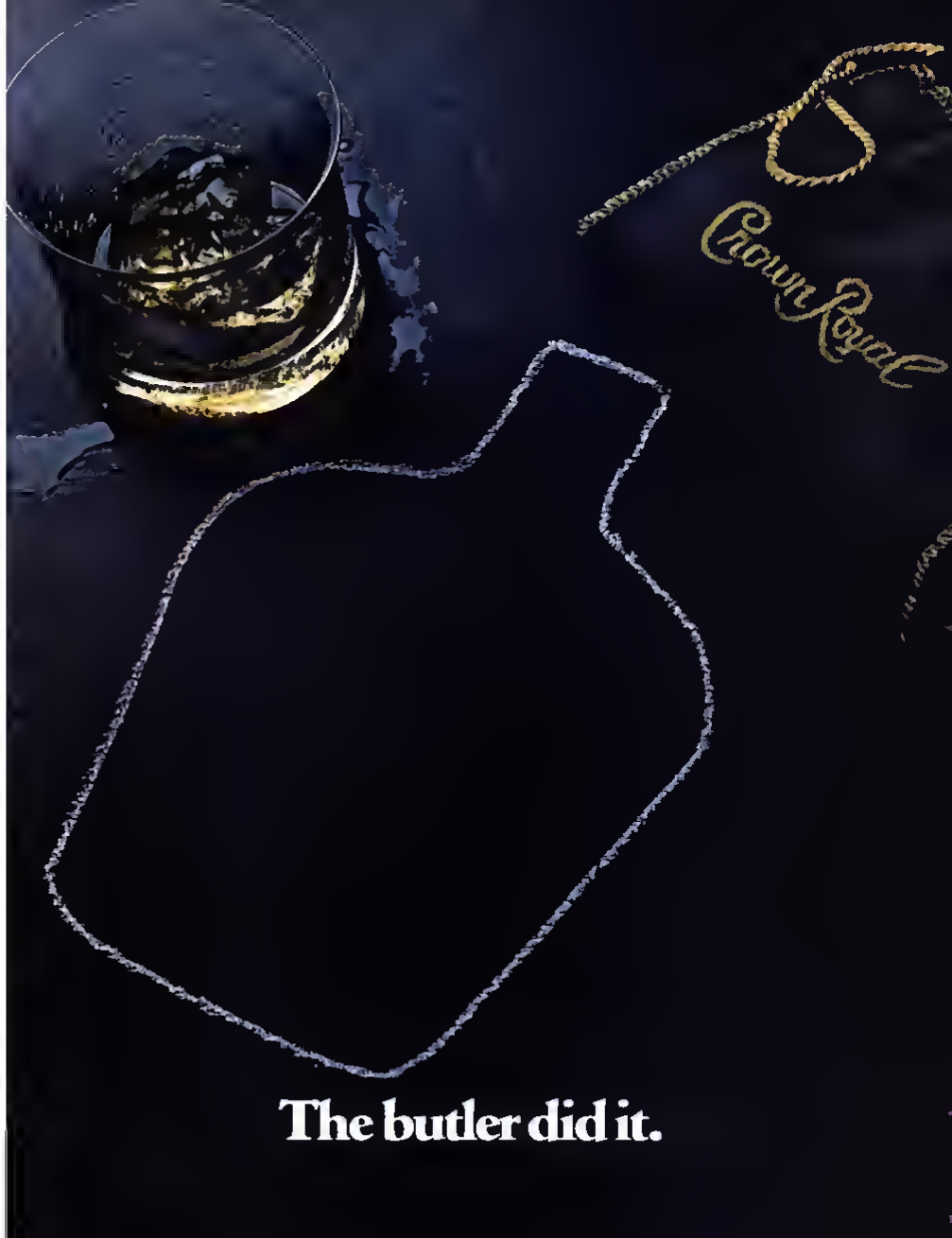
I don't really understand the mental processes of someone who could suggest, without the benefit of funny cigarettes, that the potential of Western Canada would be enhanced by jumping into bed with the Elvis industry, *The Gong Show* and cities where you need a Doberman pinscher as your best friend when you go out for the evening air. It is very true, as astute Americans have pointed out, that if the purists among us had our way and were able to ban all U.S. electronic and cultural junk from our airwaves and magazine stands, Canada would produce its own junk. True, of course. But at least it would be creative bad taste, not derivative crassness. What Collver and Ham don't realize, in their lack of imagination, is that this land has within it the wherewithal to produce a Zsa Zsa Gabor, a Larry Flynt, our own Wayne Hays, our home-grown nuclear accidents. We don't need help. I think it shameful the inference that we can't produce our own incompetents, venality, sleaziness and graft. Where is our pride?

The Americans have breakthroughs, true, but could they really come up with something to equal the horses on the payroll, the six zillion rotten eggs willed to us by Eugene Whelan, cabinet ministers who phone judges, sign their wrong names, are cited for contempt of court—and then are rewarded by being given further cabinet posts? You couldn't make it up. All the Americans had was General Sherman, who said "I will not accept if nominated, and will not serve if elected." They've never had a guy who ran on the slogan of "If elected, I'll quit"—and then was elected!

What is intriguing about America at the moment is that the leadership of the most vigorous, youthful country in history is to be fought between one man who has clearly exhausted himself with his on-the-job training and another who is 69 years of age and continually gets the names of his adversaries mixed up, a factor perhaps of the lack of a prompting board.

We have quite enough marvels and freaks of our own without having to demand a share of someone else's. Show me another country that can produce a prime minister who talked to his dead dog and I'll show you a country I want to join. Réal Caouette and W.A.C. Bennett had quite enough eccentricity to match anything that Chuck Barris can muster. Who would want to pass up the winsome nuances of Jack Horner? The love-of-man of Rev. Philip Gaglardi? The diplomatic gifts of Punch Imlach? The sweet manners of Air Canada? The problem with Collver and Ham, who want to quit and run rather than stay and fight, is their lack of sensitivity. Why would anyone want to leave the humbleness of Pierre Trudeau, the excitement of Joe Clark, the reasonableness of René Lévesque, the thrill of a Regina winter? Beats me.

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for the FP News Service.

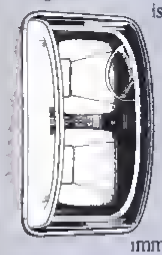




There are few cars worth comparing it to.

Such comparison statements are usually more easily made than substantiated In the case of the Prelude, we have some authoritative substantiation It comes from Brock Yates, former Senior Editor of Car & Driver magazine, expert commentator on automotive events for ABC's Wide World of Sports and free-lance automotive journalist

In an article in the March, 1980 Motor Trend magazine here's what he had to say- "The Prelude is, by any sane measurement, a splendid automobile I know, I own one The machine, like all Hondas, embodies fabrication that is, in my opinion, surpassed only by the narrowest of margins by Mercedes Benz"



"Like the Accord I owned before it, the drum-tightness of the Prelude made an immediate impact The detailing of the paint, the fit of the door panels, the operation of the window lifts, latches, etc., all represented quality not to be found in a number of cars costing twice as much"

While the points Brock Yates makes about quality are interesting, they are not the only points that set a Prelude apart The standard features are also noteworthy An electric sun-roof, an AM/FM stereo, a digital clock, a unique Speedo/Tach, which instantly shows both speedometer and tachometer readings and a 5-speed transmission are all standard In fact the only option many find worth considering is the Hondamatic transmission with overdrive



Engineering wise, comparisons are equally difficult, with the Prelude's fully independent suspension redefining the state of the art for all affordable GT cars

The 1980 Honda Prelude We invite you to see for yourself how difficult comparisons are to make



HONDA PRELUDE.

Maclean's

CAR LIFE

PULL OUT & SAVE

Spring checkup: Undoing the ravages of winter

Efficient driving: What works, What doesn't

Car Cosmetics

Spring is busting out all over

Driving Tips: You could save a lot of fuel

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT TO THE MARCH 31 ISSUE OF MACLEAN'S

The Computerized Car of the Eighties



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GOODYEAR



Car Life is a supplement of Maclean's newsmagazine
Editor: Edward Belitsky
Art Director: Jim Carpenter

CAR LIFE CONTENTS

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Illustration: Matti Korhonin

The second edition of the Car Life supplement to Maclean's newsmagazine deals with the subject of spring as it relates to the private automobile.

It's the time of year when an automobile becomes a little less of a necessity and a little more of a pleasure as the weather warms up and once more there are places to go and things to see and do.

Contrary to what the environmentalists would have you believe, the modern automobile is not the major contributor to environmental deterioration, and will become even less of a factor when we switch from hydrocarbon fuels to alcohols and hydrogen. There is, therefore, no valid reason for motorists not to derive an honest enjoyment from their private automobiles and the freedom of mobility they represent in our society.

Enjoyable motoring is strongly predicated on the degree to which it is carefree, and the only way to make it carefree is to exercise the necessary care in advance — right at the beginning of the spring motoring season. Looking into all of the potential problem areas now can spare motorists the probability of having to look at the problems as they arise later.

Servicing the potential problem areas is done at your convenience. When such problems are allowed to progress into full-blown malfunctions, they must be corrected whenever and wherever they happen to occur, and that is no longer at the owner's personal convenience. Anyone who has ever had to call a tow truck from a telephone booth has an idea of what's involved.

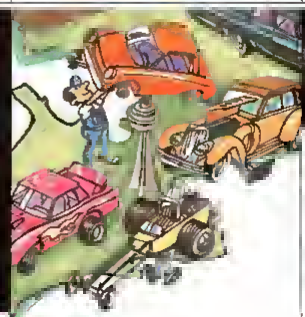


Edward Belitsky



XI. The computerized car of the eightles

On-board computers will decide everything from the correct air/fuel mix to what gear you should be driving.



It. Spring is busting out all over

Canada — different springs, different driving habits.



VIII. Spring checkup: Undoing the ravages of winter

Get ready for carefree summer driving! What you should do to correct and arrest the unseen damage done to your car by winter.

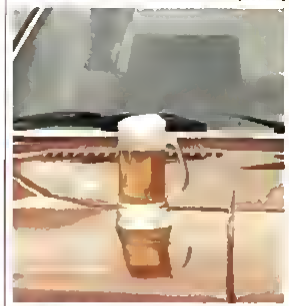


XVI. Car Life Driving Tips

Proper driving techniques that could save a lot of fuel.

XIV. Car Cosmetics

It's true: a clean, well waxed car not only looks prettier but runs better and lasts longer.



IV. Efficient driving: What works, what doesn't

Know what saves fuel and what wastes it and get a possible 10-20% increase in fuel mileage.



Spring is busting out all over!

Spring does not come to all parts of Canada at the same time. It replaces winter rather abruptly on the Prairies, in the Territories, northern Ontario and Quebec, but sneaks in almost unnoticed in coastal British Columbia and southern Ontario. Winter's final departure varies from one part of Canada to another, but the damage it does to automobiles varies only in degree.

While a private automobile can be useful or indispensable the year round, it's in the spring that it can really be enjoyed to the fullest, especially if that automobile is neat, reliable and fun to drive.

A neat, reliable private automobile shows that its owner takes pride in it. Such a car tells everyone that there's a responsible, conscientious person behind the wheel, just as a dirty, grimy vefucle staggering along on a sunny day advertises to everyone that the operator is a slob. Police are very likely to pull such a vehicle over and have a close look at it. It's a well-known fact that most stolen vehicles are abused and allowed to accumulate dirt in the hopes that they will not be as easily recognized.

A shiny, clean, well-groomed automobile has become, over the years, as important as a new wardrobe for the Easter Parade. There's something about taking the old salt-caked heap, all tarnished with a winter's use and abuse, and cleaning it all up for the spring that's as consistent with the renewal-of life theme as rabbits, eggs and new bonnets. Scrubbing down the interior of a car that hasn't been vacuumed since before Christmas, with ashtrays filled to overflowing and a layer of tobacco tar coating the inside of the windows, somehow seems to make the car run better all around.

That's not just a silly misconception, either. Cars do run better in the spring. The warmer weather softens the rubber in the tires and allows the lube in the suspension and steering apparatus to soften enough to ease up on the pressures required to drive the vehicle. This is especially noticeable in the colder climate of the western prairies and the territories. Ice-free asphalt suddenly produces a solid, non-skid surface which allows immediate response to brakes and steering. Once again, an automobile behaves as it was meant to.

There are real differences in the driving habits of Canadians living in areas that differ widely in weather. For instance, it is not uncommon for Torontonians to comment somewhat unfavorably on the strange behaviour of automobiles with license plates from La Belle Province. It seems drivers from Quebec never really stop at stop signs, preferring to slow down, idle through, then accelerate away again. If Torontonians watched vehicles with Prairie license plates, they would probably notice the same thing. It's what people used to driving on ice learn to do in order to preserve enough momentum to maintain traction. Coming to a full stop on ice is a definite no-no, especially on a slight incline. Drivers learn to slow down, idle through, then accelerate away gently.

This method of preserving driving traction in an unsalted, unsanded, glazed intersection is so important that many western towns and cities have practically done away with stop signs all together, replacing them with the much more practical YIELD. This difference in driving habits, developed through necessity in different parts of the country, points up the great variety of conditions encountered in a land that's over 4,000 miles wide and ranges in latitude from the North Pole right up to the relatively balmy banana-belt district of Windsor, Ontario.

It is not unusual for the temperature to vary 90F degrees over a period of 24 hours on the Prairies. On the other hand, coastal British Columbians are never quite sure when spring has arrived because they are never quite sure that winter has come and gone, thanks to the Japanese current. Nor is it much different in that part of Ontario that thrusts down into the US among the Great Lakes. While snowfalls may come and go and temperatures can plunge all the way down to minus 15 or even 20C for a night or two, a snowfall rarely lasts beyond a week and winter never really arrives the way it does in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

Whenever it does snow, salt is used extensively to keep the roads ice-free with the result that Ontarians become quite adept at driving on salty slush instead of ice and learn to keep their washer tanks full to cope with the whitewash-like coating of salt that builds up on windscreens in heavy traffic.

Anyone who thinks salty slush is preferable to snow to drive on is wrong. Under below-freezing conditions the stuff becomes as slick as ice. It's a stage snow must pass through on its way to melting down completely and flowing away in the ditches, and Ontarians have to make the best of it.

The worst conditions for any automobile in the spring are found in off-the-beaten-track Canada in areas with dirt, gravel and clay-surfaced roads. Under spring thaw conditions, these can become nearly as deep as they are wide. Winter frost boils erupt in clay pockets, turning what should have been a smooth surface into a roller coaster. Spring thaw and rain soak in and car tires splatter the resulting muck in every direction. Deep ruts form and the whole thing freezes at night, turning the surface into a nightmare of icy ruts and ridges that can take the undercarriage right out from under a car and shred good tires to ribbons. The frozen ruts can take out entire exhaust systems and bend tie rods into neat vees and various other configurations.

This is the time of spring when drivers living along such roads should drive with extreme caution. Better still, drive only when there's little chance of sustaining the kind of damage described to the vehicle's undercarriage. The car is especially vulnerable to damage at this time of year. It has just endured a whole winter of stiff lube, hardened rubber bushings, salt and sand in the running gear. Now, instead of easing up, conditions become even worse when the road surfaces erupt, go soft, then hard and uneven. Now, instead of snow and ice, the undercarriage is splashed with icy muck, loaded with grit that can very effectively accelerate deterioration by acting like a grinding compound. Obviously, there are better ways to treat a vehicle.

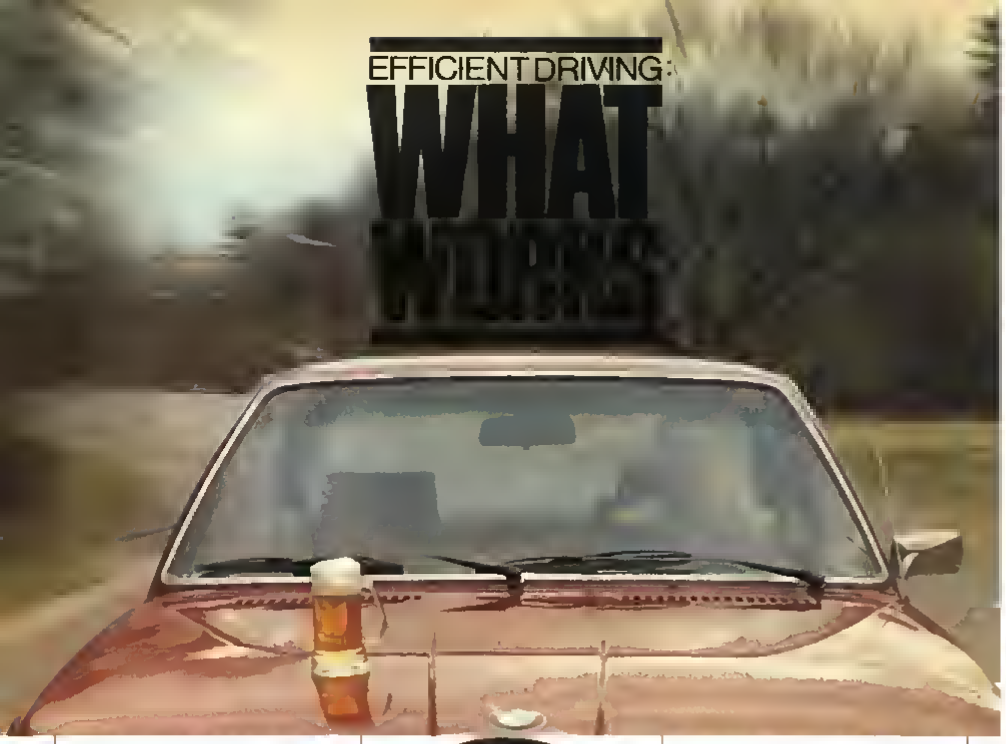
Driving under these road conditions requires that a driver simply take it easy. The risk of incurring permanent damage to the wheels and running gear in the icy ruts is too great. Mufflers and exhaust pipes can be hammered out of shape in deep, frozen ruts. A flattened exhaust pipe will not allow much exhaust to pass through and one that's pulled out of a muffler or resonator will not conduct exhaust fumes where they are supposed to go — away from any open windows or air intakes that might allow them to mix with air the car's occupants must breathe.

Hot-dogging it over icy ruts can be more expensive in recent model cars than ever before. There is now the additional possiblity of flattening a perfectly good — good and expensive — catalytic converter and scatter its contents all over the road.

Other unpleasant side effects of careless driving over frozen mud-surfaced sideroads in the spring include leaky transmission seals that become that way when they are jarred loose from dragging the transmission over a high-centered bump. Sometimes a good bump is all these seals need to begin weeping the whale oil-based stuff all over your driveway.

Spring is the time of year when the private automobile, which was a very necessary conveyance throughout the cold weather, must be cleaned up, straightened out, worn components replaced, re-lubed, re-cooled, re-tired, and generally set straight for a season of happy motoring during the spring and summer. The vehicle takes a terrible beating in the winter, and the damage incurred by salt, ice, condensation, frosty temperatures and icy ruts must be corrected if the motorist is going to face the summer season with confidence.

It's true that while a private car is a necessary conveyance during the winter, the time to enjoy it is during the spring and summer. The way to enjoy it is to put it into as good a working order as is possible.



EFFICIENT DRIVING: WHAT WORKS & WHAT DOESN'T

Would a glass of beer perched on the hood of a car get better fuel mileage than a glass of Dom Perignon?

It would all depend on which beverage the driver would be most careful not to spill. The careful acceleration, deceleration and sense of balance exercised when going around curves in order to preserve the libation would give whatever vehicle was being used the ultimate in miles per gallon of fuel. The effect would be exactly the same — only exaggerated — as following the readings on one of those vacuum gauges that show green when the vacuum is high, indicating a steady pace, yellow upon mild acceleration and red during flat-out acceleration when the vacuum is almost nil.

It might be said in that regard that the vacuum economy gauge is a direct extension of the glass-of-beer-on-the-bonnet trick. Each will work very well as a fuel saving device.

While few people would care to drive behind someone who's nuts enough to drive with a glass of beer perched out there on his hood, they might not mind so much if he were using one of the other fuel-saving devices, the best of which is the small car of minimal weight. The greatest fuel-saving device of all is weight, or lack of it. That's why people who want economy go that route, often at the expense of safety and comfort, not to mention performance. Performance is what's lost when weight is increased, be it in tires, upholstery, padding, cast iron, or in human flesh. Even a superbly economical small car that can accelerate briskly will become a gas hog and wallow around the roads when loaded with four husky adults. The lesson here is to watch carefully the weight carried.

There's nothing that can be done about a vehicle's basic weight, but a person would be well advised to remove first thing in the spring that bag of sand ballast from the trunk that was used to maintain traction on ice. Everything from extra jacks to snow tires and complete tool kits litters the trunk compartments of many automobiles. The average driver carries over 100 pounds of unnecessary junk with him everywhere he goes. Get rid of it.

Cars are built with a certain amount of acceleration to make them safe on the roads. Brisk response makes for safe passing and smooth lane-changing. Carburetors are designed for this purpose with two sets of jets. One set is for cruising and the other for acceleration. The second set stay dormant until they are needed. They cut in with an audible whoosh when the second set of barrels in a 4-barrel carburetor activate in response to a stomped gas pedal, and if the fuel gauge is watched

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T4

closely, the indicator can almost be seen whooshing toward E.

So . . . is there no way out? Is it a steady trade-off of economy for performance all the way down the line? Not quite. There are a few things that can be done.

Apart from careful driving, there is engine efficiency. Not too long ago this included high compression. Auto builders were able to squeeze up to 27 or 28 mpg out of premium fuel in a full-size car with compression ratios of 12:1 or so. That's out now that gasoline is lead-free. Only diesels can continue delivering that kind of mileage.

■ Engine efficiency may be increased with the use of correct ignition settings. These are difficult to maintain with point sets that change settings as the rubbing blocks wear on the cam and metal transfers from one surface to another, but the new electronically-triggered spark controls almost never need adjustment.

■ Capacitor discharge ignitions which set the fuel alight with a bolt of electricity almost powerful enough to be followed by a clap of thunder can also save fuel.

■ Special carburetors designed for efficency can add an extra 5-10% to a car's fuel economy simply by reducing performance. This is for the driver who cannot control his own driving and there are many of us in that category.

■ There's a device being sold locally that's supposed to level out the fuel pulses from the pump, preventing float bowl overfill and fuel wastage through over-rich mix. The increases recorded go as high as 20%, and very few people who have tested them report a gain of less than 10%. The device looks a lot like the fuel pump/filter bowl combination that was so common on cars up to about 10 years ago, but there is no pump up on top. The upper portion is mainly a diaphragm that cushions fuel pulses, reducing float bowl turbulence, according to its suppliers. They are manufactured by Malpassi of Italy and come as standard equipment in Ferrari (some models), Lamborghini, Maserati and Alpha Romeo cars. Fleet operators who have tested the device claim there is no noticeable loss of power.

■ Another device that's sure to save fuel is the engine block heater, especially in western Canada. Starting an already-warm motor means the pistons move freely in pre-warmed lube, the choke cuts off quickly and it is unnecessary to run the engine to warm up before moving it.

■ The choke can be a real fuel saver as opposed to the fuel it wastes when it refuses to cut out promptly due to gums, varnishes, weak springs or binding linkage. Yet, no one ever looks at a choke.

■ One of the big fuel savers has to be the thermostatically-controlled electric cooling fan. This one cuts in only when needed, unlike the belt-driven contrivance that uses the most power when it's needed the least — at high speeds. Why doesn't somebody retrofit electric fans? Many people would throw their mechanical ones away in exchange without a moment's thought.

■ Radial tires are a fuel saving device. They can increase fuel mileage up to an estimated 2.5% when properly inflated, which means about 2 psi over what's recommended. There is a new line of radials which can be overinflated and still ride soft.

■ The luggage rack perched on top of some cars is a fuel saving device, but only if it's removed and thrown away. Both rack and whatever luggage it might contain can cost a couple of miles per gallon or more at higher speeds.

■ While we're on the subject of air drag, those ski racks should be mentioned also. These reduce mileage while spoilers increase it. Anything that reduces air turbulence around a moving vehicle improves its fuel efficiency. It takes energy to create turbulence and that is not the car's primary purpose. A good front spoiler will reduce air turbulence to such a degree that driving at high speed over a paper bag or bread wrapper in the road will not even move it from its location. Most cars will send the wrapper 20 feet into the air by driving over it at less than 50 mph.

■ All of these drag factors are magnified through speed. It stands to reason that the faster a vehicle moves, the greater the air drag working on it, so one of the greatest fuel saving devices is the speedometer. Centering the needle on about 85 km/h during a highway cruise might save as much as 25% fuel over a speed of about 140 km/h.

■ Unnecessary idling wastes fuel. Auto builders are working on a quick re-start device that will store up energy to re-start a vehicle without using the starter in a stop-and-go traffic situation. You can have the benefits of it now by simply shutting off the engine when stuck in a line of traffic.

■ One of the most energy-efficient devices is the turbo supercharger. Unfortunately, it will not save you fuel in a certain engine size. It will, however, allow you to pick a smaller engine size and still have the passing and high-speed acceleration when needed.

■ Good fuel mileage has less to do with devices than with attitudes. The driver who is always in a hurry pays for it.

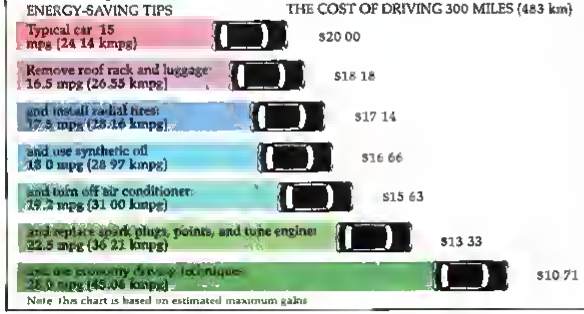
■ There is little doubt that our cars will get smaller before they get larger, but we'll be able to increase compressions once more when we switch to alcohol fuels just as they do when they burn methanol at the Indy 500.

■ If we should bypass alcohol and go directly to hydrogen, we will have a whole new ball game to deal with, but in either case, we will have a fuel that's inexhaustible and much, much cleaner burning than gasoline.

Refer to Driving Tips — Page XVI

S-t-r-e-t-c-h-i-n-g your gas dollars

Have you ever wondered how much energy those "Energy-Saving Tips" really save? Driving a typical car averaging 15 mpg (24.14 kmpg) at $1 per gallon (4.55 litres), a motorist can conceivably cut the cost of a 300 mile (483 km) trip in half.



Note: this chart is based on estimated maximum gains

NEW CAR-CARE SOLUTION







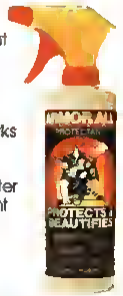


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Spring checkup: Undoing the ravages of winter



The first thing a car needs after a hard winter's use is a good wash all around and underneath. Find a garage that has one of those high-pressure nozzles or a steam generator. Get the car up on a hoist and have it worked over in the wheel wells, mounts and hard-to-get-at frame members. It's the hard-to-get-at areas that trap mud and salt to form poultices that will be at work corroding the car right into mid-summer. Work the nozzle up and around the edges of the gas tank. The welded splice around the middle of the tank is a perfect ledge for trapping salt. It is not unusual for a gasoline tank to come apart literally at the seams from corrosion.

Check out the drain holes in the body and doors while the car is up there on the hoist. These can get plugged with dirt and corroded metal. Various garages around the country offer a high-pressure oil spray job for the car's underside. The material consists of used oil compounded with wax, tars and solvents. If applied properly and the car is subsequently driven over a dusty road to give the material a firm base, it might shut out air, water and, with it, corrosion — for up to a year or more.

Either way, it's nice to have a clean undercarriage to work on. Your mechanic will appreciate that when you bring the car around for its annual spring servicing. This should include the usual oil change, grease job and filters all around.

This is by far the most important lube job of the year. If there is ever a time when grease might be pounded and eroded out of ball joints, tie rod ends and various other moving parts, it's winter, when rubber seals might freeze in an attitude that does not protect the lubricant they are supposed to retain. Combine that with slush being squirted out from under moving tires at firehose-nozzle force and it isn't too hard to understand why many cars wind up with squeaking suspension late in the winter or early in the spring.

Same thing is true of the engine lube. The constant warm-ups and cool-offs of winter driving create condensation which mixes with the lube in the crankcase to form great blobs of jelly-like goo. This stuff is famous for corroding nice, shiny crankshafts, camshafts, valves and various other internal engine parts as well as plugging oil filters and rendering them useless. While most oil filters are equipped with a bypass that opens to allow oil to circulate when the element becomes impenetrable, circulating dirty, sludgy oil is hardly what one might consider good lubrication.

So if you like your car and wish to keep it a few years, during which time it would be nice if it functioned with a minimum of trouble, don't pay too much heed to the manufacturer's service schedules. Dump that lube. Dump those filters. Grease all the fittings the first thing every spring.

Ignition, too, must be looked into. If your car was given the usual plugs-points-condenser-timing treatment in the fall, chances are the ignition will be okay, unless the distance travelled since then was in excess of 12,000 miles or so.

The stories being circulated to the effect that the new, improved plugs combined with new, improved lead-free gasoline should make plug changes unnecessary any more often than once every 20,000 miles are only marginally accurate. While the lead in gasoline was a factor in rendering plugs ineffective, it was only one of several. The others, including oil fouling, carbon, heat and metal transfer are still there, and it doesn't take much for a plug to lose enough efficiency to cost the operator more than a couple of miles to the gallon. At today's prices, that sort of thing wouldn't take long to cost a new set of plugs.

Most people who concern themselves with automobiles will tell you that they replace the plugs in their cars at least once a year or every 12,000 miles.

Another area that must be looked into during spring servicing is the cooling system — not so much because of the beating it has taken during the cold weather, but because of the coming hot weather with long holiday trips towing boat or camper trailers.

Remember that the anti-freeze is just as necessary in the summer as in the winter. The glycol in it prevents freezing in the winter and raises the boiling point which can come in very handy when it's 100F in the shade and you're idling in traffic.

Nor is the thermostat taken out to be replaced with a *summer* thermostat. A thermostat is a thermostat. It is designed to permit coolant circulation only after the coolant has reached the temperature the engine is designed to operate at summer and winter alike. Worst thing anyone can do to his engine is to take the thermostat out for the summer. The motor will not operate efficiently and the oil will turn to sludge from lack of evaporation of impurities.

If the cooling system needs servicing, have it done professionally because a leaky rad or heater core usually indicates a condition, not an isolated fault. It is uncertain that current heat exchanger technology is equal to the expanded needs of the new engines that run at higher temperatures and cooling systems that operate at higher temperatures and pressures. This means the modern cooling system can use all the help it can get in doing a reliable job. Radiator sealants of the kind that can be dumped into the coolant worked fine in the days of the unpressurized system. Now, they are temporary help at best. The vacuum created by a system that's cooling down can usually suck such temporary plugs right back out again.

Snow tires should be replaced with regular highway treads in the spring. It's best to have an extra set of wheels for the snow tires. This makes it unnecessary to demount/mount and re-balance. Taking tires off and on wheels spring and fall can ruin them faster than hard road wear, especially if the person doing the job has not bothered to apply rubber lube during the mounting procedure. Mounting tires without running a brush soaked in rubber lubricant around the bead can ruin a tire before it has ever been used.

Have a look at all of the tires while this is being done. Any sign of uneven wear in front indicates an out-of-line condition due to bent components or worn parts. Don't go on any holiday trips without having this corrected, unless you like uneven steering, shimmying and generally poor handling, increased fuel consumption and tire wear.

Check out air pressure in your tires. It's likely to be high as the weather warms up. Pressure rises with ambient temperature. Spring is a good time to check out pressures every week or so until summer temperatures stabilize.

Check out the windshield wipers. These usually take a real beating during the winter when they have to cope with salt spray, snow and ice. Chipping a set of wiper blades out of a pile of ice at the base of the windshield can leave the rubber blade in shreds all in one operation. Pulling them loose can separate rubber from blade. Letting them run dry over a windshield can wear them out in about half an hour. There's something about the slip-slap of a wiper set that seems to hypnotize people into a high state of unawareness. It's not unusual to see someone sitting there in traffic, wipers groaning back and forth, a half hour after the rain has ended and the sun has come out.

Check out the batteries. No one looks at a battery during the winter. It's too cold. Who wants to get battery acid all over the fingers or gloves? It's m-e-s-s-y. The cells should be filled to the filler neck. Terminals must be checked for corrosion and any dirt on top should be rinsed off and neutralized with soap or baking soda.

Check out the air conditioner. Belts must be snug and level of refrigerant must be up. If it isn't, it may be that it's seeped past gaskets which dried with long disuse during winter and became not quite tight.

Check out the exhaust system. Salty slush and icy ruts can do horrible things to it. Best time for it to let go is in the spring.

When's the last time the automatic transmission filter has been replaced? If it's more than 20,000 miles, have it done. It's a simple operation that shouldn't cost more than $20 or so.

What about the wheel bearings? These should be examined and repacked with high-temperature grease about every 20,000 miles.

Check to see that the lug nuts on all the wheels are snug. These have been known to work loose.

Check out the shock absorbers. Press down on the hood and let go or stand on the bumper then jump off. If the car bounces more than once, your shocks might need replacement. This is important. The job of the shocks is to keep the wheels down on the road surface where they belong. Without them the car wallows and the wheels bounce. Control is severely reduced.





An old plug can cost you more than a new plug.

Of course you're trying to save money. But if you think using a set of spark plugs for more than 10,000 to 15,000 kilometers will help make you rich... well, read on.

Your engine is too dependable.

The modern engine is a very forgiving machine. It'll faithfully start and run with spark plugs that are long past their prime. But while it manages to run with old plugs, it can also be wasting that expensive gasoline of yours at a horrendous rate.

How much waste?

We've conducted tests on everyday cars like yours and found 3 out of 4 of the cars tested got better mileage when we replaced worn plugs with fresh Champions. And the average mileage improvement was 3.44%.

So what'll it be. Plugs? Or gasoline?

If it were up to us, we'd sell you some fresh Champion spark plugs. But it's your car and your money. We just figure a small jolt for fresh spark plugs once a year beats slow death at the gas pump any day.

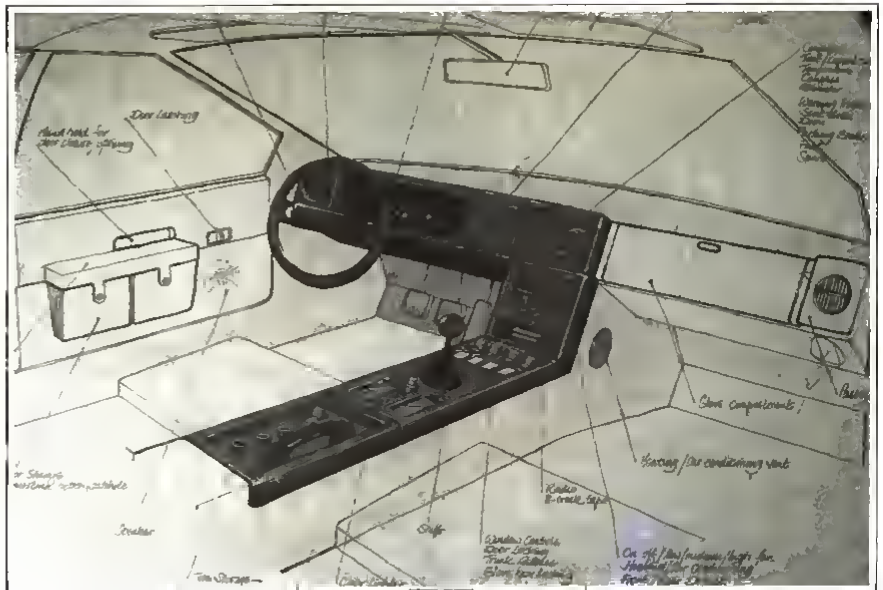
Whichever way you decide, we hope we've helped you save some money. You've worked too hard to let it go to waste.

CHAMPION



Fill 'er up with fresh Champions.

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THE COMPUTERIZED CAR OF THE EIGHTIES

One of the possibilities for cars of the future as discussed ten years ago was a vehicle that can be programmed to take its occupants to a specified destination while they relax with the morning paper.

They're here now. They're called buses and trains. This sort of capability is unlikely for the private vehicle because there's a strong suspicion that many people who use private vehicles do so because they don't want anyone else or anything else to do their driving for them. It's something like being in control of one's own destiny.

Apart from that, we do have vehicles today that will follow a route along a buried cable to a designated destination. No one's quite certain of what use they are or will be in the future, but we have them.

It would be surprising if we didn't have them. Microprocessor technology has taken such a tremendous leap forward in the course of the '70s that calculators which were worth more than $200 in 1970 aren't even available in such a simple form today. A small calculator that performs the kind of calculations only a major computer was capable of 10 years ago can be purchased for about $20.

Auto manufacturers began to make extensive use of microprocessors in the '70s decade in an attempt to reduce emissions from engines trying to burn hydrocarbon fuels efficiently. Best example in the mid-'70s was the Chrysler Lean Burn system which used a microprocessor to process information from various sensors to control combustion. They enjoyed a relatively high degree of success. Ford and General Motors have developed such units of their own. Ford's EEC III uses microprocessors to meet emission standards in the USA and especially in California and GM has a relatively sophisticated unit in the new digital electronic fuel injection system.

The Digital EFI used in Cadillacs in 1980 makes use of two electronically-controlled fuel injectors which squirt fuel directly down the throats of two carburator barrels in the new 6-litre Eldorado and Seville engines. The fuel metering is controlled by a module comprised of a digital microprocessor that computes spark timing, fuel metering and idle speed. Computations are based on information received from sensors that monitor manifold absolute pressure, ambient barometric pressure, engine coolant temperature and intake manifold air mix temperature.

The control module computes timing and air/fuel mix required, then meters the amount of fuel being delivered through the injectors. The module also controls idle speed, keeping it constant at all times, regardless of whether the air conditioner is on or off or whatever other factors may be present. This should reduce tendencies to stall and also improve economy.

Nor is that all. The system is self-diagnosing. The control module can identify system and component problems via a coded readout. When this happens, the microprocessor can take over the function in question and substitute values from its memory bank to replace missing data for further computations. If the module itself fails, an analog backup circuit takes over to provide minimal driveability which should be enough to get the car back to the dealership.

Now, that's about as sophisticated as a production car can get in 1980, but it's nothing much compared with what's coming. Electronics researchers are playing with inertial guidance systems that can get a vehicle to its destination through a programmed tape. They are trying out electronic roadways that communicate with on-board vehicle computers that will automatically route



Gas-plasma displays — both linear and circular bar graph types with numeric values displayed in either Imperial or metric at the touch of a switch — constitute the visual display on the Aston-Martin Lagonda. Not visible are the microprocessors which convert Imperial to metric, calculate fuel mileage, estimated time of arrival, average speeds, distance to go and other information.

vehicles through alternate routes should the direct ones be blocked for whatever reason. There are traffic control systems that will override regular programming on on-board radio receivers to warn the operator of traffic jams ahead.

More interesting still are on-board radar units that will not allow a vehicle to follow too close and will slam on the brakes if the closing speed with a vehicle in front or a stationary object indicates a collision in the making.

The unit being developed by RCA uses a low energy microwave generator and receiver mounted under the hood that bounces a 3-degree beam off objects 30-40 metres ahead and processes the echo to determine what's going on. If the microprocessor determines that the closing speed with the object ahead can mean imminent collision, it activates a braking system that will bring the vehicle to a non-skid stop. The non-skid part is achieved through the trick of alternately applying and releasing the brake to prevent lock-up. The system operates only above 30 mph since collisions at lower speeds are not likely to be fatal and the override would likely be clumsy at rush hour speeds.

This radar system will also control cruising speed by overriding gas pedal control. The microprocessor evaluates speed as compared with proximity to vehicle ahead and opens up sufficient distance to allow safe stopping if necessary.

Since a system of this type would disallow a vehicle to go through sharp curves and corners, it deactivates on turns.

The radar system might prove frustrating to lane jumpers who like to pick holes in traffic and skip along from lane to lane. Also, the driver who likes to pull right up to a car ahead before pulling out to pass will not be able to do so. Passing will have to be from the other lane.

Another interesting development is the microprocessor that does the shifting, hitting all the most economical shift points at all the right engine and vehicle speeds. No, this is not an automatic transmission, this little module can be hooked up to any standard shifter, be it three, four or five-speed. It will work the clutch and shift the gears for the driver, doing a better and smoother job of it than he would himself, according to the unit's developers. The actual muscle is supplied by pneumatic cylinders hooked up to clutch and shift rods. There is a system override for those who prefer to do their own shifting or tricky maneuvering in parking lots.

Why not use an automatic transmission in the first place? An automatic wastes energy in the torque converter, is needlessly complex and weighs more than a simple shifter.

Air conditioners as we know them are already in the process of shrinking with small compressors and lighter components. Interior climate controls are almost sure to go the microprocessor route as luxury cars become smaller. Future climate control systems will not only have air conditioning, but also humidity control. They will filter air as it is heated or cooled and possibly even generate negative ions to assure that occupants arrive at their destinations in a reasonable frame of mind regardless of traffic conditions encountered along the way. Whether car makers will get around to recognizing it or not, ion deficiency can affect your effectiveness behind the wheel. Clean, fresh air has a good negative-positive ion balance — it's loaded with negative ions; conversely, the air in your car has an extremely large proportion of positive ions. The result is sleepiness, fuzziness and possibly questionable judgment.

Perhaps the foremost example of what might happen concerning electronics in the cars of the '80s might be drawn from the instrument panel designed for the Aston Martin Lagonda by a Toronto firm. Kuypers Adamson Norton Ltd. of 76 Richmond St. E. produced an interior that included a completely solid-state instrument panel. All switches were touch sensitive. Gas plasma instrumentation included circular bar graphs plus numeric displays for speedometer and tachometer, linear and numeric displays for oil pressure, ammeter, voltmeter, inside and outside temperatures, fuel consumption average as well as instant, numeric displays for clock, date and odometer.

Proximity switches were used for side windows, door locks, seat controls, cruise control, fuel flap release, fuel reserve, all lighting and computer reset functions such as trip time, trip distance, trip average speed, consumption, memory, metric and imperial displays.

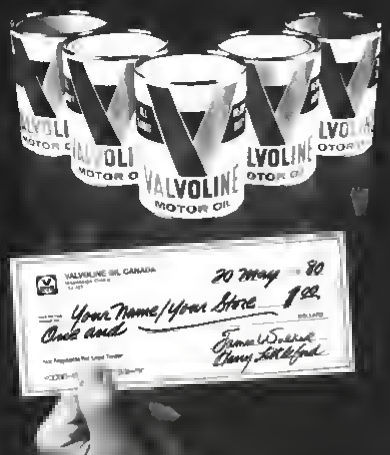
Incandescent warnings on the instrument panel included seat belts, brake warning, door ajar, fuel reserve, cat/alyst overheat, radiator coolant level. Incandescent information messages included oil pressure, oil temp, coolant temp, fuel, ammeter, voltmeter, indoor/outdoor temp, average and instant speeds. All of these could be converted from Imperial to metric at the touch of switch.

Additional functions considered included pedal adjust, bonnet release, air conditioning controls, transmission, wipe/wash and horn.

While the Langonda represents the ultimate in current microprocessor technology, it by no means stands alone. There was a lot more sophisticated circuitry in our everyday vehicles during the '70s than we realize. Take, for example, CB radios and radar detectors. These hit their peak during the mid-'70s as citizens fought back against the growing use of police radar.

Maybe, in the course of the '80s, someone will come up with a police radar which will detect incompetent drivers instead of merely speedy ones.

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Read this Ad next time you're drowsy and dragged out at three in the afternoon.

More and more research shows ion-deficient air is a major cause of drowsiness.

That invigorating feeling you get from a walk in the mountains is the work of electrically charged air particles called negative ions.

Negative ions are nature's air cleaners, removing polluted particles from the atmosphere.

In the city — and in offices, homes and cars, the natural negative/positive ion balance breaks down, leaving you with far too many energy-sapping positive ions to breathe.

The resulting drowsiness causes reduced productivity in your home or office. And in your car, where risk deficiency is even greater. It's not exaggerating to say that the atmosphere can be downright dangerous.

How ion deficiency affects you

While we don't yet know all we want to about the effects of ions, we do know this much.

Air conditioning, central heating and pollution strip beneficial negative ions from the atmosphere. This helps to explain why so many office workers and housewives complain of the blahs in mid-afternoon. Breathing bad air is bad news.

The same thing applies to your car. Only more so. Compare your car's ion balance (about 50 to 100 negative ions per cubic centimeter) to that of fresh mountain air (1,000 to 5,000 negative ions per cubic centimeter).

No wonder drivers become sluggish and unstable. This atmosphere is not only unhealthy, it's dangerous. Especially when you consider that ion-deficient air slows reflexes by as much as 20%.

More negative ions mean more energy and alertness

Wherever ionizers have been used they have changed things for the better.

People have reported greater energy, better health and increased productivity.

An ionizer replaces the negative ions killed by metals, man-made materials, air conditioning and central heating. It restores the natural balance of the air, making it fresh and easy to breathe. At the same time, an ionizer radically reduces airborne dust, pollution, bacteria and pollen. And almost completely eliminates stale odors like tobacco smoke. Naturally.

You feel better and more alert. So, thank what it can do for you if you have allergies.

Why you should choose Bionaire Ionizers over any other models

Many ionizers on the market emit ozone or other harmful gases. With Bionaire, all you get is a pure invigorating stream of negative ions.

Another frequent problem is TV, CB and radio interference. You'll get no static with a Bionaire unit. It just quietly does its job.



The Bionaire 100A for your office or home

This unobtrusive decorator designed unit ionizes an area of approximately 250 sq. ft.

It comes complete with unique output monitor indicators, omni-directional emission, and a full one year warranty.

The Bionaire 300. Consider it a safety device for your car

As memories on-delicient air slows reflexes by as much as 20%.

This can mean all the difference between avoiding a dangerous situation, and running right into it.

The compact Bionaire 300 (1" x 4" x 3-1/2") weighs only 4 ozs. sits on the dash without obstructing your view and will keep you calm and alert through those endless rush hour drives.

It's easy to install, has a multi point ion source and emits the highest ion output of any self contained unit of its size. It also has a full one year warranty.

Each Bionaire unit keeps the air in an 8 ft. radius around it charged with at least 10,000 negative ions per cubic centimeter.

Would you like to know more?

If you'd like to read the latest scientific facts about ions, and learn more about these exceptional Bionaire units, we'll be glad to send you some very interesting literature including an article from P.37's December Playboy. Just mail us the coupon below.

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The auto body is the area most vulnerable to winter damage. This is not as evident in parts of Canada where salt is not used extensively, but it still holds true.

The truth of the matter is that car paint, upholstery and carpets all require regular care and such attention is practically impossible when the temperature is below freezing.

Nor is keeping a vehicle in a heated garage the answer. The worst thing anyone can do to a salty vehicle is to put it into a warm garage where one can practically hear it rust away. Corrosion is an electro-chemical process and all chemical processes speed up with a rise in temperature.

Paint suppliers recommend that a car be washed about once a week to rinse off pollutants deposited there through road spray and by air laden with industrial chemicals.

Some of the things people use to wash a car can be more damaging to the finish than what they're washing off. Hot water, strong soaps and stiff brushes made of materials similar to or harder than the finish can take off enough paint over the course of a couple of years to expose bare metal, or at least the primer coat.

Use cold water. Add to it one of the cleaning agents designed for washing cars. Work out of the sun. Sunlight heats up paint and softens it, making it more vulnerable to scrubbing and detergents. Remember, paint is plastic and can be damaged by other plastics or organic fibers.

The first wash of the spring season might be applied at one of those high-pressure nozzle stalls. There's one in every neighborhood. It might be preceded by a cold sponging at home to loosen up the surface grime and followed by a driveway hosing with clean tap water. It is necessary to get right into the wheel wells and along the edges of the chrome strips, behind and underneath bumpers. Make sure all of the boxed sections have been rinsed and the drain holes in doors and body are open.

Follow this up with a polishing and waxing. The polish should be one of those containing a very fine polishing compound. It's the white stuff you see as the polish dries. Work it in manageable patches and wipe it off as soon as it dries.

What this operation does is remove surface oxidation which tends to dull paint surfaces when the sun and air take turns at reducing the paints to powdery basic compounds.

The car should come out of this operation gleaming blindingly and you'd be delighted if it could only stay that way. It can. It can stay that way for weeks with only minimal care if it's waxed immediately. Waxes come in several formulations — everything from silicones to exotic extracts from tropical plants. Here, you generally get what you pay for. The good wax is more expensive, but lasts longer than others. Wax should be applied in a very thin layer so as not to interfere with the appearance of the paint it is supposed to protect.

The waxing job can be done professionally by one of the new refinishing franchise shops that work with polymers and guarantee the job for the life of the automobile. While these finishes are excellent and will do the job very much as they are advertised to do, they can be ruined in the same way paint can be ruined — through mechanical abrasion, stiff brushes and harsh detergents.

Chrome strips and bumpers need only be cleaned thoroughly and polished to shine like new — unless they have developed rust blossoms. While chromium plating itself cannot rust, the metal underneath can if the initial plating was defective, and there's a lot of defective plating on the road these days. Microscopic pinholes in the plating blossom out in rust unless they are sealed to air and moisture.

Begin by removing the blossoms. Some people use fine steel wool to do this. Vinegar works in mild cases. The preferable method is to use a grinding or polishing compound. It is necessary to remove all of the rust before applying a sealing wax. Most automotive chemical counters carry suitable waxes. A good body wax will do it.

Rust blossoms on painted areas have to be cleaned down to the bare metal then repainted with the correct formula. Most automotive supply stores have paint matching charts and a supply of spray cans containing the right colors and formulas. Stone chips can be retouched with the correct paint available in little nail-polish-like bottles from the car dealer.

The interior of the car takes a beating in the winter from condensation which deposits practically everything in the air within the car on the windows, upholstery and instrument panel. In addition, some plastics in the upholstery and dashboard emit gases which tend to cloud up the inside of windows. Carpets acquire a great deal of grime which soaks into the pile every time the snow that comes in on boots melts.

The upholstery and panelling need a good sponging. The windows need a wash with a good window cleaner. Crumpled up newspapers do a good job without streaking. Cloth upholstery and carpeting can use a good vacuuming to get the grit out. It's grit that destroys carpets through grinding when it's stepped on.

The interior of an automobile is especially vulnerable to cigar and cigarette smoke. A wipe with a damp clean cloth will indicate to what



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extent air pollutants such as cigar smoke settle and cling to the interior A clean cloth will come away yellow with tobacco tar that distilled from the cigarettes and settled on everything. A car interior attracts impurities out of the air, especially during the winter, for the same reason that occupants receive a shock when stepping out of a vehicle during cold, dry weather. A moving vehicle picks up a static charge which attracts airborne particles That's why a vehicle's interior gets extra grimy in the course of a cold winter.

The interior door and dash panels might be dressed with a good preservative once they are clean to prevent streaking and oxidation There are several good dressings available. Most of them are silicone based

Another good use for silicone dressing is on the rubber parts of the vehicle's interior Apply it to the soft rubber door molding all around the doors and trunk lid Doing this in spring and fall will result in serviceable door seals for the life of the car

Lubricate the door hinges, the stop and catch mechanisms Don't use gooey greases The lube required here usually comes in a stick It's waxy, stays in place, and is therefore unlikely to stain the clothing of anyone who happens to get in or out of the vehicle

Don't forget the trunk and hood latches and hinges Everything should function as it was initially meant to.



"A shine 30 5 cm deep"

Have a look at the wheels and tires Apart from a good wash there is nothing much more that can be done about the wheels, but there is plenty that can be done about those dull gray tires that looked black with white lettering or sidewall striping only for a couple of weeks after you bought them Oxidation takes its toll here, too, and a set of gray tires can make the prettiest vehicle look ho-hum.

A tin of tire dressing can be a good investment here. Applied as directed, it will restore the glossy black of the rubber and white of the striping or lettering

If dressing is not available at the local supplier's, a plastic squeeze bottle of dishwashing detergent will do almost as well Apply to the tire with the palm of the bare hand and rub it well into all of the corners and irregularities Wipe off with a clean cloth and all the crud goes with it, leaving a nice, clean tire underneath, looking like new.

Use vinyl cleaners for the vinyl top and finish with a good wax or as recommended on the container.

Dents and rust perforations can be taken to a professional or done at home with the use of a fibreglass repair kit These kits are available at all auto supply stores and can be used to do a really professional job providing the user has access to a few tools The dented area must be pulled out as much as is possible and a rust hole must be ground out and cleaned up before being re-sealed, repaired and re-painted as per instructions on the fibreglass kit.

While the end job might not wind up looking quite as professional as some of the products of the corner body shop, the amateur restorer will get better as he goes along and the pride in a job done not half badly can compensate greatly for imperfection

Driving to conserve fuel requires an easy-going attitude on the part of the operator If it could be summed up in one word, that word would be, RELAX

Jackrabbit starts are out So is passing with the foot to the floor Both require the cutting in of the power jets in the carburetor

■ Do not idle the car's engine unnecessarily When you're waiting for someone or are caught in a traffic jam, shut the engine off.

■ Racing the engine by applying the gas pedal on and off unnecessarily wastes fuel and is bad for the engine

■ Those hitchhikers you pick up are not getting a *free* ride You're paying for it in terms of extra fuel Neither are the golf clubs, the snow tire and the chain saw in the trunk getting a free ride Weight costs extra fuel

■ Holding the speed at more than 75 mph wastes fuel The higher the speed, the greater the resistance to the air; the more fuel is necessary to maintain velocity A car can burn 25% more fuel at 80 mph than it does at 55

CAR LIFE'S DRIVING TIPS

■ Stops and starts in traffic waste fuel Avoid them by governing your speed to coincide with the traffic signals This means the driver must keep his eyes well ahead One of the silliest things impatient drivers do is burn away from the lights then come to a screeching halt a couple of blocks onward for a red light

■ Have the choke looked at from time to time The choke can be one of the greatest fuel wasters when it refuses to open as it should

■ Don't follow up close Give yourself enough distance so that you can maneuver when the driver ahead does something unexpected which otherwise would make it necessary to hit the brakes hard. Drive so that it would be unnecessary to use the brakes much Applying the brakes means you are taking the energy stored up as momentum and converting it to heat at the brake rotor The heat is diffused into the air You might as well be burning gasoline to heat the air around your brakes

■ Stay away from rush hours Traffic pileups move at very uneconomical speeds Go earlier or later

■ Small cars are not immune to gasoline wastage If anything, it's easier to overload a small car than a big one and the percentage loss of economy in a minicar with four husky passengers is probably double that of a big car with the same people aboard

■ Keep the speed relatively steady on the highway Rapid acceleration interspersed with slowdowns all cost fuel unnecessarily The idea is to retain an even momentum at all times

■ If there's an air conditioner, use it, especially at high speeds when closed windows present a more streamlined configuration, creating less drag. A vehicle with no air conditioner may be more economical even with some windows open because it does not have to carry the combined weight of the AC gear and expend the energy to run it.

How to be an Esso saver.

Look to Esso research for products and services that can help you save.

Save engine wear, save gasoline: Uniflo Motor Oil's friction reducers help keep your engine clean and save engine wear They also allow your engine to run more efficiently to save gasoline And with it's long-life performance, Uniflo can give you extended oil-change intervals–up to 24,000 km or one year–which means an extra measure of protection Get Uniflo where Esso oils are sold



Save with a well-tuned engine: A well tuned engine makes your car run more smoothly, more reliably, and saves gasoline Tests organized by the Energy Mines & Resources Department and the Ontario Motor League show that a well-tuned engine and energy saving driving habits can cut fuel costs up to 24 per cent! Between tune-ups check your fan belt, radiator hose, and air filter Good maintenance is your Esso dealer's business



Save two ways with radial tires: Radial tires have less "rolling resistance" on the road and therefore offer improved gas mileage They also last longer than conventional ply tires, so they don't have to be replaced as often Other benefits include improved handling, better steering, and improved performance in adverse driving conditions like rain or snow Your Esso dealer has an Atlas Radial tire to suit your driving needs



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